SKYLINES

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FARES, PLEASE!
STUDIES IN THE PARABLES OF JESUS
CHRISTIAN CRUSADE FOR WORLD DEMOCRACY
NEW MAP OF THE WORLD
THE MID-WEEK SERVICE (WITH WARREN F. COOK)

SKYLINES

BY
HALFORD E. LUCCOCK

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OVERTURE

A YOUNG man once went to a Scotch music teacher to have his voice tried out. The teacher explored all the possibilities for half an hour and then threw up his hands in despair.

"It's no use," he said. "I've tried you on the white keys and tried you on the black. I give up. You must be singing between the cracks!"

The papers in this volume do not strike the Major notes of high solemnities. Nor yet do they hum in a Minor Key.

They are just a few chords between the cracks.

I

COOK'S TOURS

"ARE you taking a Cook's Tour or are you going 'on your own'?" asks the purser. That is the Previous Question for all globe-trotters whether they trot to the ends of the earth or only down Main Street. Everyman's Pilgrim Progress is either a Cook's Tour with a machine-made itinerary, safe and painless, or a venture "on your own." Not that we have a chance to decide the question as our little craft puts out on its voyage. Far from it. The "Grand Tour" of life never becomes as simple as the process of buying a steamship ticket of a certain kind. Many a man has come to harbor after an eighty-years' cruise without ever realizing that he has been following docilely a schedule of trips and stops laid out carefully by others and rigidly adhered to. He has been on a personally conducted tour, with a complete set of predigested thoughts

and exclamations thrown in to be vocalized at the points indicated. He has gone through life with about as much adventurous initiative as an express package tagged and ticketed and safely delivered.

Now, I would be the last man wittingly to injure the business of Thomas Cook and Sons. I have never had the honor of knowing Mr. Thomas Cook or any of his estimable sons, yet my heart leaps up when I behold their names upon a sign. I would be an ingrate were I even to forget a day in a far port when their good-Samaritan mail-forwarding genius delivered to me a letter which, faint yet pursuing, had trailed me through several countries, a letter which brought hope, breakfast, and speaking terms with a First National Bank somewhere (provided I didn't speak too long).

A Cook's Tour has served thousands of pilgrims as a shock absorber; almost as a flowery bed of ease in which unadventurous souls may be carried to the sky of foreign lands. It hits all the high spots in proper order. Cook's tourists need never worry whether it is Rome or Florence, or whether they are looking at pictures in the Louvre or Uffizi gallery. The

guide knows and it will come out all right in the end. It is so easy and makes less wear and tear on the mind and nerve. Yet travel *à la* Cook has costs other than money. The tripper misses things here and there. He misses the thrill of wondering whether he will ever get where he started for, and how badly broke he will be when he arrives. He misses the glorious freedom of choosing the particular brand of hotel bandit he prefers to be robbed by. He cannot follow the lure of beckoning roads which coquette with him, for he is due at the next "point of interest." He must swarm with the hive when it swarms into the next gallery and register awe and ejaculate "Ah" before the next picture.

It is undeniably easier to go through life on a Cook's Tour than to zigzag through fifty years in company with the eternal question, "Where Do We Go From Here?" The other day a man in New York got on a Broadway street car at 34th Street, paid his fare, rode across the street and got off at the other side. He said to the bewildered conductor, "I would rather pay a dollar than play football with that gang on the street." He much preferred to let the street car get him across the street

than to take the risk of making an end run around the crowd in mass formation, or risking a center rush on his own initiative. It is so much easier to hop on to some convenient theory or political party, doctrine, or creed and leave all the responsibility and trouble of thinking to the motorman. New York city is considering a comprehensive plan for traffic regulation which contemplates the control of all street traffic for five miles in length from one central signal station. All vehicles in this area will stop and start when some invisible god flashes a light. In these days of propaganda and canned thinking vast multitudes move at the flashing lights of some invisible but colossal traffic director who flashes the lights to the copy room and then out over the country. He flashes *red* and the mob responds in a tremor of abhorrence at Bolshevism. He flashes *white* and the mob moves on with a reassured delight in one hundred per cent Americanism as per schedule.

As one watches the crowd streaming into a city in the morning, if he is at all cynical he is tempted to think that the majority are taking a Cook's Tour through life. You can almost read the water-mark on their brows—

"T. Cook & Sons No. 999." There will hardly be a thought all day which has not been carefully prepared by others. The problem of what they shall wear on their bodies has been decided for them by the twin gods of manufacturing and advertising. And what they shall wear on their minds has also been decided by the same twin geniuses. What they shall laugh at was decided six months before by the deities of Hollywood, California, while the magazine with the new number of a million subscribers every week and newspapers designed for "the nine-year-old mind" stamp them like a giant steam roller, leaving men and women almost as much alike and as animated as a row of celluloid dolls.

Probably the majority of the average citizens always take a Cook's Tour when they enter the Industrial world. The sight-seeing tour of the present industrial situation is conducted by the (not very) Tired Business Man. The tourists are chaperoned as efficiently as a girl's finishing school on a shopping trip. They see what should be seen through the appropriate colored glasses and go through the proper reactions. The words "labor union" bring to their mind the appropriate reaction

—*"outside agitator."* The man with decided convictions on peace is gummed with a label *"sentimentalist."* Those interested in democracy in industry are *"dangerous reds."* The beauty of the system is the economy of energy. These reactions can be secured again and again without a single wrinkle of the gray matter being disturbed. It is efficiency to the *n*th power. Meanwhile the great problems of the human side of industry have never been glimpsed.

The church is thronged with men and women taking their religion as a Cook's Tour already marked out for them. It causes them no bother. Joseph Parker once said, "The church is a great brick-maker." It has shaped men and women into the same conventional mold. "Theirs not to reason why"; theirs merely to accept the form handed down as the authorized schedule. We have all been to parties which seemed full of wax figures sitting along the wall eating ice cream. We have been quite surprised later that some of the wax figures were really live, human beings. Even so daring an adventure as reciting the Apostles' Creed has been made a sleepy and monotonous Cook's Tour. They pass thoughtlessly over

the great heights of human experience like passengers going over the Alps at night in a sleeping car. Sometimes, thank God, reciting the creed is the great adventure which it ought to be and trembling lips repeat, *"I believe in the life everlasting,"* as a daring mariner in the days of discovery rounded "Cape No" in the teeth of the gale. Such an affirmation of faith is an experience like Magellan's plowing through the lonely and limitless Pacific ninety days without sight of land. One who repeats that great affirmation, *"I believe in God the Father Almighty,"* in the face of the desolation and woe that covers the earth, has an experience like the climb of Balboa up the jagged hills of Panama until he reached the peak from which he could see the vast stretches of the Pacific. So it is the same rare experience of the spirit that climbs up the hard facts of life until one surmounts them and can view that love of God whose breadth is like the wideness of the sea.

There is another kind of Cook's Tour, however, which should not be forgotten and that is the "Grand Tour" taken by Captain James Cook with his valiant ship, the "Resolution and Adventure." When that stout-hearted

English mariner pushed the prow of his vessel into the channel waters of the South Pacific,

> "He was the first that ever burst
> Into that silent sea."

That is the kind of a Cook's Tour—the venture of a gentleman unafraid—to which Jesus called men when he asked them to follow him. He that loseth his life shall find it. Religion is a grand tour of the mysteries of the unseen. It is not the kind of a "grand tour" which was so popular a few centuries ago in England, that of a young man journeying over Europe in order to secure superficial polish. Pure religion and undefiled is more like the grand tour of Europe conducted by that prince of personal conductors, John J. Pershing, who led a host of Americans in a memorable tour of northern France in behalf of the world. The voyage of life is not a picnic but a crusade. The Christian life does not find its true symbol in a Sunday-school picnic at a pleasure resort, but, rather, in such a crusade as that in which millions of young men offered freely their lives. Thomas Carlyle had the heart of Christian philosophy when he said: "Life is not a Maygame, but a battle and a march, a warfare

with principalities and powers. No idle promenade through fragrant orange groves and green flowery spaces, waited on by coral muses, and the rosy hours; it is a stern pilgrimage through the rough, burning, sandy solitudes, through regions of thick-ribbed ice." A Cook's Tour in religious thinking and activity sacrifices on the altar of conventionality the great heritage of real life. How many misshaped lives can well be described in the verses of Agnes Lee:

"The snow is lying very deep,
My house is sheltered from the blast,
I hear each muffled step outside,
I hear each voice go past.

But I'll not venture in the drift
Out of this bright security,
Till enough footsteps tread it down
To make a path for me."

Far better than such an epitaph is the glorious phrase left by Sir Francis Drake when he spoke of "Sailing the seas with God." Perhaps Francis Drake does not stand out in our memory particularly for godliness. Nevertheless, that expression of him who wrought so valiantly in the English Channel against the

powers of darkness makes a sturdy model to guide by.

Dorothy Canfield says very keenly: "Lots of old accepted notions look to me like a good big dose of soothing syrup to get people safely past the time in their existences when they might do some sure enough personal living on their own hook."

Unless we do make ventures on our own account which win for us some real religious experience, whether we be preachers or laymen, we will go through life talking about Christianity without even having tasted the real thing; just as hungry men are frequently to be seen in the streets carrying signs on their backs advertising a big dinner which they have never even smelled.

The self-appointed guardians of opinion and belief in our churches are active agents seeking to herd the passengers on this whirling globe into Cook's Tours. They view with alarm any excursions taken on one's own initiative and responsibility. They point with pride to those who walk in lock-step formation. They seek to make the itinerary of the pilgrim between the City of Destruction and the Celestial City a straight and sheltered

one, passing over the deserts of platitude. They frown on all pioneering. Usually such guardians of the Ark regard a course of study for ministers such as is provided by the Methodist Church, not in the sense in which it is designed, as laying before the mind of the growing student Christian points of view, but as a rigid summary of opinions to be heroically gulped. Consequently, they are shy at any expression of opinion which was not on the itinerary which they have followed. They are willing that the young preachers shall be led through the green pastures of John Wesley's *Sermons* and the still waters of the Methodist *Discipline*. But they flee from the theological Bad Lands of the modern apprehension of Christianity.

What the church needs tremendously is a new generation of Elizabethan Sea Dogs—preachers who are willing to steer the prow of the church into the rough waters of present-day life in the spirit of Drake, Howard, Raleigh, and Sir Humphrey Gilbert.

One great disadvantage of present-day drives and movements in the church is that they tend to transform the quickening experience of worship into a Cook's Tour over a long

itinerary of "special days" which follow each other with all the monotony of a railroad time-table. The congregation becomes somewhat like the occupant of a sight-seeing car in which all the details of various organizations are pointed out through a megaphone announcing alternatively, "On your right you see the Foreign Mission Society which has 109,174 members and furnished 214,999 meals last year in 23 different languages." Followed next Sunday by, "On your left you see the Tract and Publication Society which produced last year 84,911,688 pages of printed literature." It is reported (on poor authority) that the Sanhedrin of one promotion agency was once humiliated to discover that the month of March, instead of having four Sundays, as any respectable month should have, had five, and the fifth Sunday was left entirely unprovided for! Consternation reigned, for there was no telling what might happen if the congregation had a whole Sunday at leisure to worship God!

A composer once wrote a piece containing a long part for the cornet player. The piece was first rate in every way except that it could not possibly be played, because the composer did not leave any place for the cornet player

to take a breath. Frequently a local congregation is trying to sound out the cornet player's notes without having a chance to stop to fill its lungs with a breath of inspiration.

If you are looking for a voyage worth while, better sign up for the cruise with Captain Cook, Merchant Adventurer, rather than with his *de luxe* modern descendants, Thomas and Sons.

II

SKYLINES

IF you no longer believe that there is a pot of gold out at the foot of the rainbow, the years that bring the philosophic mind have played you a shabby trick. For it would take more philosophy than will keep without spoiling to compensate for the loss of so important an item from the Thirty-nine Articles of Belief once delivered to the Saints under Six.

Besides, if the years really have brought you the philosophic mind, and not merely its usual substitute, hardening of the arteries, you have learned that the inward and spiritual truth of which the fairy tale was the outward and visible sign is that the glory of life lies on its horizons. It is at the skyline, that hazy borderland between the earth and sky, between the seen and the unseen, where a golden haze of mystical feeling softens the rigid lines of our world of fact, that the true fairy gold is to be found.

"Distrust first impulses," said the cynical Talleyrand; "they are nearly always right." The first impulse we had to make a Pilgrim's Progress to the foot of the rainbow was right at any rate, only we never dreamed what a wonderful pot of gold was there. We invariably looked for a little geranium pot, and when we really get out into the horizon in any direction we find a whole peach basketful. For the fairy lore definitely located the gold out at the skyline. And there, sure enough, it is—wealth beyond the dreams of shop-keeping avarice. The eye of childhood hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor did it enter into the heart to conceive the large fulfillment which the years may bring to the early faith that that hazy line of mystery was a land of treasure.

The thesis is an old one but a most "comfortable faith," withal. And who will begrudge us any morsel of comfortable faith in these days? It is as old as Abraham's westward walk with God. It is as new as to-day's venture. The true glory of life is not in the tangible but the intangible; not in the solid facts of our mental and spiritual front yard which we can weigh and measure, but in the vision of the haze which we dimly apprehend,

hazard for, and journey to. It is not in the things which we can compass in a cozy definition but in the uncharted realities we feel.

Nature and her whole publicity force, the poets of every tongue, have been telling us this ever since sunsets first began. Is not the word "horizon" one of the most beautiful words in the language because the thing itself is one of the most beautiful things in the world both in nature and human life? Let but the picture of

> "A haze on the far horizon,
> The infinite, tender sky—"

be caught in a poet's line, and the trick is done. We are his, and the Ancient Mariner's spell, for all his long gray beard and glittering eye, was not more sure.

The same glory of the October haze rests on the horizons of life where the known shades into the unknown, and the seen into the unseen. Whoever will launch his own little Santa Maria and sail into the borderland where risk and faith and hope displace axiom and deductions can prove the truth. There the true glamour of life shines.

I

Where friendship shades into love is one of life's fairest skylines. And, heaven be praised, what a near, dear, and common one it is! Through the market place of our inner world a thousand and one acquaintances and busy traders throng. And then, some day, out of this world of solid sense we step into the sky where gravitation ceases, where a force which we cannot measure, ticket, or describe bears us on in exaltation. The splendor falls on castle walls and on cottage walls just as surely. Often without warning right into the midst of our prosiest day in stalks the miracle, unheralded and undeniable, and life becomes a sacrament.

> "Music I heard with you was more than music,
> And bread I ate with you was more than bread."

Love dissolves the solid block of earth into shining ether. Of course it is a venture. That is its glory. You cannot take out an endowment insurance policy on a love affair. It may be you shall touch the Happy Isles. It may be that the gulfs shall wash you down. But whatever the issue, whatever tempests

and tumults of the seas may come, if you hold the prow with steadfast hand, you will sail beyond the sunset.

Mr. Bairnsfather's notable character, Alf, in *The Better 'Ole,* asks the young lady to whose heart he is laying siege, "Aren't we infinities?" He was exactly right. People in love *are* "infinities." There is an x in the personal equation which cannot be solved either by trigonometry or calculus. It is that x which makes the line of least resistance between two people, a sky line.

It is our human tragedy that after traveling in that cloud land of ether we drop back to dingy, commonplace streets. A schoolboy's definition of poetry was that "poetry is a thing we make prose out of."

II

Life's pot of gold is at the skyline where self-interest dissolves into sacrifice. At the end of the lane is the sky. Here about us is our real estate, the house we can touch, the land we can own and dig in, the coins we can jingle, the applause we can hear, but with all this solid satisfaction of the senses and the

tickling of our self-esteem, there is no pot of fairy gold.

Out there at the lane's end is the misty sky line, a vague haze of intangible ideas and values. Only as we outrun solid sense and a prudent regard for our advancement does life catch true gleams of glory. As one put it vividly in those early days of the Great War when the glory of sacrifice was so near to earth, describing a soldier leaving for the front:

"He's gone.
I do not understand.
I only know
That, as he turned to go,
And waved his hand,
In his young eyes a sudden glory shone
And I was dazzled by the sunset glow—
And he was gone."

Emerson says truly, "It is somewhat sad that a word of such sacred meaning as '*glory*' should now be the simplest of all words, and scarcely in a lifetime shall we hear it used without disgust." The word should be reserved for truly glorious things.

You cannot prove the duty of self-sacrifice, nor its immeasurable worth; it is in the twi-

light zone and cannot be caught in any trap of logic. Just for that reason, because of its venture, because of its prodigal risk, there is unearthly magic in it. A noble ideal has more compelling power than the solidest fact. Ideas and ideals have always interested mankind more than facts, because every idea is a challenge. There is no sunset glory about facts. A straight line is the shortest distance between two points—that is a fact; but no one will die for it. We fight and die only for the things that cannot be proved. No one could have proved to the rich young ruler that his life would have had a priceless quality of joy if he had gone on to a rough life of martyrdom. There is no higher mathematics which could clinch that proposition with a neat Q. E. D. But in all probability there was in later days in the heart of the man an aching emptiness which was its own proof that he had missed the great chance of life.

The human heart leaps to the call of the deep when an appeal to the capacity for self-sacrifice in a daring effort is made. When, in our own time, the late Sir Ernest Shackleton proposed a tramp across the antarctic continent, incidentally calling in at the south pole,

he was astonished at the eagerness of men to accompany him. "I was," he says, "deluged with applications. One would have thought that a march through snow and ice for more than two thousand miles was the dizziest climax of human happiness and aspiration. The occupants of seats in the House of Lords and the heirs to some of the proudest titles of which the British aristocracy can boast offered to serve in the most menial capacity if only they might be allowed to join the heroic enterprise. Naval and military officers volunteered to resign their commissions without reward or recompense of any kind if only their names were accepted."

Mr. Burnham, the great American architect, once gave his fellow craftsmen a noble word of advice which applies to all craftsmen in the art of life: "Make no little plans. They have no magic to stir men's blood, and probably themselves will not be realized. Make big plans, aim high in hope, and work, remembering that a noble logical diagram once recorded will never die." These words are an echo of the life specifications of the Great Architect—"He that loseth his life shall find it."

III

The golden glow of human experience is found on the skyline where knowledge shades off into faith. What is ofttimes complained of as the great drawback of religion is that it cannot be proved. That is its glittering lure. Otherwise it would simply be merchandise like other kinds of merchandise.

That objection to religion is as valid as though one might suggest that the only drawback about flying is that it takes you off the ground, or that the trouble with ocean sailing is that you get away from the land. So with the objection to faith that you cannot prove it. Faith brings to each man the glorious necessity of being his own Columbus across an uncharted deep with no guide but the pilot stars.

A. G. Gardiner says that "the Canadian Pacific Railroad was a plunge through nothing to nothing. It was a stupendous guess at the future." It was no wonder that Sir William Van Horn confesses that he had great sport building it!

Faith in a loving God and his on-going purposes has the glory of a stupendous affirmation joined with an unceasing effort. The

man of faith may be sailing with sealed orders, but he is sailing along the skyline.

To-day in particular the voyage of the church seems to be a voyage on alien seas. To large numbers of people, old, dear, familiar landmarks are gone. The horizon has been pushed back. The comfortable optimisms of prewar days have been submerged, like the lost continent of Atlantis. We are in the grip of new currents not marked on old theological maps. It is small wonder that many timid mariners are frightened and wish to put back into the snug little harbor of other days. The scene pictured in Joaquin Miller's noble poem "Columbus"[1] is enacted again and again:

> "What shall I say, brave Admiral, say,
> If we sight naught but seas at dawn?"
> "Why, you shall say at break of day,
> Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!"

For over the skyline is the age of gold. "Now faith is a well-grounded assurance of that which we hope for and a conviction of the reality of things which we do not see."

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[1]Used by permission of Harr Wagner Publishing Company, San Francisco, California.

III

RULES FOR GIVING A PARTY

"When thou makest a feast"

AND by all means make one. It is a great mistake not to have some red ink on the calendar. One of the parables of Jesus tells us that it is a huge blunder not to have a party dress. The man without a wedding garment was found guilty of a major sin. Calico and blue denim suffice for most of our forages into a work-a-day world, but there ought to be something hanging in the wardrobe of the mind with spangles on, with here and there a festoon, which can be whisked down and jumped into. No matter what our age, we are all débutantes in society (small "s"), and a decent etiquette of living demands a good many coming-out parties when we emerge from hibernation and solitary confinement.

An indispensable equipment for taking our places in society is a demeanor of heart and mind which can break into any routine and proclaim with authority: "Oyez! Oyez! The

High Court of Human Nature is now in session. Hats off! A Class *A* Event is now taking place." That is the essence of a real party.

It is astonishing—to some people it must be scandalous—how many parties we find in the Gospels. The parables of Jesus seem at times to read like the society columns of a daily newspaper. The lilt of the orchestra and the rattle of dishes breaks in again and again through Jesus' discourse. The Man of Sorrows, acquainted with grief, saw large place in life for festivals. The Gospels in that respect are in harmony with the lavish beauty and music provided in the entertainments of nature. Every evening when the sun sinks fair, pink-tinted clouds spell out an embossed invitation across the sky,

ALMIGHTY GOD
AT HOME
SIX-THIRTY TO EIGHT
EVERYONE INVITED

It is perfectly conceivable that the sun could set and rise in strict businesslike fashion without all the unnecessary frills of a sunset. A gorgeous sunset must distress the soul of an

efficiency expert! So much of it is unnecessary to the business on hand. He might well gasp out the angered protest of the first efficiency expert, Judas Iscariot: "To what purpose is this waste?"

Jesus is the great Master of Human Revels. It is not without significance that Christianity's distinctive occasion is a Child's birthday party.

From the speech and action of Jesus we can gather some practical rules for giving a party; rules which have not so much to do with actual physical banquets and receptions as with those deeper attitudes and habits of mind, which transform gray and dead days into rose festivals. Although, for that matter, for an actual book of social etiquette in the literal sense of the word, nothing has ever been written which approaches the New Testament.

The first divine rule for giving a party is to *give a real one.* Here is the prescription: "When thou makest a feast, call the poor, the maimed, the halt, the blind." The truly regal feast, the only real party that counts, is when we serve not a bit of cake and ice cream, but a bit of *ourselves.* And Jesus' rule for such major social functions is to throw open the

doors of our personality in its most radiant clothes to all who pass the threshold: to the whole human family on parade; to the rear guard of the poor, the maimed and the halt as well as the first division of the Sons and Daughters of the American Revolution or the glittering company commanded by Captains Dun and Bradstreet. If you really want to give a party and share yourself, call the halt. What a troop they are—stumblers who never quite get there, who do not grace a drawing room! Call the maimed, those with some fatal flaw or twist given by heredity or environment. Call the whole Noah's ark!

Some people never give parties of that sort. They never admit to the warm room of their inner selves, with its lighted candles of sympathy, those who do not bring credentials from the local equivalent of "Burke's Peerage," or who cannot turn the lock with a Phi Beta Kappa key. Their entertainments are all on this order:

"I had a little tea party
This afternooon at three.
'Twas very small—
Three guests in all—
Just *I*, *Myself* and *Me*.

Myself ate up the sandwiches,
While I drank up the tea.
'Twas also *I* who ate the pie
And passed the cake to *Me*."

The neighbors get as much of a repast as did Mother Hubbard's dog. Jesus' rule bids us take down the barbed-wire entanglements which we have wound around the inner fortress of our personality, and build an open road. Novalis once said that every Englishman is an island. Uncomplimentary remarks made about Englishmen by Germans have not been very popular in recent years. Nevertheless, Novalis' observation is substantially true of a large portion of the people of every nation. What islands we are! Waves of conversation flow between us; sometimes a tidal wave of emotion overflows us and seems to join us; but only temporarily. The waves recede and we become islands again.

Some human islands resemble Iceland. The breaking waves dash high on a stern and rock-bound coast. A polar expedition is needed to get in touch with them. They afford no landing place for "lame ducks." Others are more like Bermuda, with a strong gulf stream of genial sympathy pushing you in their direc-

tion. Between us and some people there is a barrier like the English Channel, and it is pretty rough sailing trying to get across. We are just about to make a landing and really discover them when a great cold wave strikes us and pushes us back again.

Sometimes the barbed-wire entanglement which holds the human race at bay is a corpse-like manner. A. G. Gardiner said of Lord Kitchener that he had all the qualities of a poker except its occasional warmth. He entered a room like the Day of Judgment, stern and forbidding. Julia Ward Howe once wrote down in her diary, that she had attended a party where "everyone seemed to have left themselves at home"—a very fair description of many a dismal social function. Sometimes we do not admit any of the human family into our intimacy because we are utterly devoid of that genial and priceless *small talk* which makes the world spin easily. One of the finest tributes ever paid to Charles Dickens was that "he circulated as easily as small change." Other folks, on the contrary, alas! are like a twenty-dollar bill—valuable, but inconvenient to get into circulation.

Joyce Kilmer has put into his "Ballad of

Gates and Doors" a beautiful phrasing of this Rule One of Jesus:

"Unbar your heart this evening
And keep no stranger out,
Take from your soul's great portal
The barrier of doubt.
To humble folks and weary
Give hearty welcoming.
Your breast shall be to-morrow
The cradle of a King."[1]

Another has carried the thought of Jesus a little farther into its larger meaning:

"And if I share my crust,
As common manhood must,
With one whose need is greater than my own.
Shall I not also give
His soul, that it may live,
Of the abundant pleasures I have known?

"And so, if I have wrought—
Amassed or conceived aught
Of beauty, or intelligence or power
It is not mine to hoard
It stands there to afford
Its generous service simply as a flower."

Rule Two is to *spread your intellectual feast, however frugal or full it may be, where the folks on the street can reach it.* When you

[1]Reprinted by permission of George H. Doran Company.

are to share some thought, some insight, some conviction, put it into such simple and democratic form that even the very maimed and halt intellectually can take it. I believe this would be Jesus' first great principle of homiletics—"When thou makest a feast of the good things of the gospel, call the maimed and the halt, call the poor and the blind and serve them." The lame have a hard time playing at "hare and hounds"—trying to follow a fleet and nimble theologian as he bounds from major to minor premise! Those words—the poor, the maimed, the halt and the blind—are a rather accurate description of the average congregation. Woe be to him who forgets it! Our pretentious pulpit utterances are challenges to the congregation of the halt to compete in the high hurdles or the pole vault or the two-mile run. We beseech you, brethren, by the mercies of God, to remember the halt! Remember the feast that Jesus spread, so easily reached, so quickly understood that he won the only final verdict of success worth striving for—the common people heard him gladly.

A lady once said to the young Moncure D. Conway, "Brother, you seem to be preaching

to the moon!" But sometimes it is even farther precincts than the moon that are aimed at in sermons which are as applicable and helpful to the rings of Saturn as they are to the folks in the back pew.

Martin Luther once said, with that sublime common sense which was his greatest gift: "When I preach I regard neither doctors nor magistrates, of whom I have above forty in the congregation; I have all my eyes on the servant maids and on the children. And if the learned men are not well pleased with what they hear, well, the door is open." A sermon which the King delighteth to honor is not so much like an annual address to the Phi Beta Kappa society as it is like a block party to which everyone is invited, and which everyone can share. So Rule Number Two practically amounts to this: When thou makest a speech, give a block party.

Rule Number Three is to *help to get the world ready for the big party yet to come.* For the world is going to give a party to the lame, halt, the blind, and the poor, when they shall receive their great invitation to share in the joys and privileges and the rewards of life. Jesus' parable of the Great Feast has a bit

of profound philosophy of history in it. The banquet of life has so far been shared by a very few who have kept all the invitations for themselves. The world has been conducted on the lines of a select country club. But, in the providence of God, we are approaching that time when, as in the parable, all barriers were broken down and an invitation was broadcasted to all the lanes and alleys around. The irresistible on-moving of the Christian social conscience, with its growing sense of the injustice and the inhumanities of the present social order, is the beginning of that great invitation. We are getting some old debris cleared out of the public square where the Maypole is to be wound.

The world's present house party is at the best a bungled social function. There is enough room in the house and plenty to eat, but the management is poor, insufferably stupid. Look over the facts, even in the United States, the richest land in the world.

Here in New York city alone are some 270,000 darkened tenement rooms that never see the light of God's sun: one person in twelve is buried penniless in the "Potter's Field"; one in fourteen evicted, because they cannot

pay their rent; from twelve to twenty per cent of the children are undernourished; thousands are living in stifling slums, in wretched tenements, ill-fed, with high infant mortality, under conditions that crush out the life of body, mind, and spirit.

According to the Final Report of the Industrial Relations Commission, 39 per cent of the mothers in industry are forced to work. Two thirds of the women in the factories up to the outbreak of the Great War were receiving $8 a week or less, and one half of them $6 a week or less. Over 20,000 persons are killed in industry each year. Of the 700,000 accidents yearly at least half are preventable. In the great basic industries over 2,000,000 are unemployed. Wage-earners lose more than one fifth of their time in unemployment. Ten million live in poverty in normal times in America. Ten million now living will die prematurely of preventable diseases at the present death rate in this country. The poor are dying at three times the death rate of the well-to-do, and from tuberculosis, at seven times their death rate. From 12 per cent to 20 per cent of the children in the great cities are underfed. These conditions inevitably produce

the crushed or distorted bodies and minds from which the army of crime is recruited.[1]

This is a mighty poor social housekeeping! And the task of the century is the planning and carrying out of such changes in the rules as shall make human life what it is in Jesus' vision, a great democratic feast of God.

But the great feast of the Kingdom can never be stated in merely negative terms. Merely to remove the privations of life or to distribute its unequal burdens will never make the kingdom of God. The fallacy that happiness has its source in abundance of things is one of the oldest and deadliest fallacies in the world. It is the unanswerable objection to the confident dogmatisms of materialistic socialism. The socialistic Utopia of the mechanical and materialistic theorist would seem to be located just as near to hell as it is to heaven, for a man can be bored to death as well as be starved to death; and being bored to death is wrought with more danger to his soul than the unpleasant process of starvation. Elizabeth Barrett Browning voiced keen objection to the mechanical projects of a French socialist when she said in

[1]Sherwood Eddy, *American Problems*.

"Aurora Leigh" that "they are not poets enough to learn that life develops from within."

The great democratic feast to which Jesus flung out the invitation which we are only beginning to heed is more than a dinner pail; it is more than a living wage. No wage can be a living wage unless it is paid in dreams as well as dollars.

Just because it is a "real party" The Great Feast is an order of life in which freedom and elbow room will be given to every expanding faculty of the individual soul. It is a kind of national and international housekeeping where every member of the family shall be regarded with reverence for his personality and where he shall have his mutual obligations and privileges in the home.

Jane Addams once said that some day we will be ashamed of the arguments by which we have pleaded even for so good a thing as abolition of child labor. She says that some day we will be ashamed to talk of the right of the child to health or the right of the child to schooling. We shall, rather, face the fundamental issues and talk about the right of the child to happiness. Jesus recognized that as

the chief issue. The Christian social task is not merely to provide enough to eat and to wear for the billions of the human family, but it is to bring that family together into a spiritual fellowship. What the Kingdom does is to give us all a vision of life as a whole, as a city of God, a beloved community, a vision of men and women living together in the Spirit and doing together the great works of the Spirit.

IV

TRAINS OF THOUGHT

THE principal trouble with a single-track mind is that there are so many head-on collisions. Now, collisions add to the thrills and tremors of life and are to be recommended for the stimulation of sluggish brains. Often when two antagonistic ideas, each moving at the rate of eight miles an hour, collide in a one-track mind, it is like the famous meeting of an irresistible force with an immovable body. Something may happen! But head-on collisions clutter up the road for traffic; and on the whole, considerably more business is done over the tracks when some way of passing an idea going in the other direction can be worked out.

Which brings me to my Aunt Caroline. I can never forget the fascinated interest with which we would watch an idea coming along on the track of her conversation, and could see down the road a bit, just around the bend, another idea headed straight for her. It was like the fascination of watching a railroad

wreck in the "movies." "They are going to hit!" we would exclaim, holding on to our chairs—and they *did* hit. Aunt Caroline was shocked by something new nearly every day.

Such an existence is hard on the "rolling stock." We used to try to persuade her to lay another track on which there could go without any catastrophe all sorts of ideas for which she had little use. But we never succeeded.

In a one-track mind anything going the other way always means a collision.

Of course it has its advantages. With a single-track mind life becomes very simple. It is easier on the upkeep and the overhead. But by its very reduction of the complex business of life and thinking into a few meager formulas, it takes away the real sport of mental railroading. There is no friendly waving of the hand in the course of the day's trip, speeding a greeting to a dinky little train of thought going in the other direction loaded with some queer-looking passengers. There is no zest of two ideas pulling along side by side or the sport of watching to see which one "gets the jump" on the other.

The doctrinaire and the fanatic both in poli-

tics and religion cannot tolerate a second track. They abhor the whiz of a divergent idea rushing by. Far better for them the barren simplicity of a logical consistency, or a narrowness which shuts out nine tenths of the landscape. With them life becomes either a series of futile collisions or a monomania.

Herbert Spencer, of course, is the illustration most frequently exhibited as the horrible example. Doubtless he has been grievously slandered by people eager to point a moral. But the famous remark of Huxley's that "Spencer's idea of a tragedy is a deduction killed by a fact" is a full-length portrait of a one-track mind.

Mrs. Barnett, in her recent life of her husband, Canon Barnett, gives another beautiful example of the severe cast of Spencer's mind. Mr. Spencer had accompanied the Barnetts to Egypt. They were looking at the Nile. Mrs. Barnett says: "A hundred thoughts and pictures of the lives, joys, pains of the multitude who had lived by it, on it, for it, chased each other through our minds. We stood silenced by its historical beauty, until Mr. Spencer broke the silence with, 'The color of the water hardly vouches for its hygienic prop-

erties.'" To such heights of imagination and emotion could a one-track scientist rise! Cato, the champion bore of history, with his one conclusion to every speech, *"Carthago delenda est,"* has left a large progeny.

All this is not merely a futile phantasy. The most deadly animal at large in the world today is the man with the one-track mind, the "bitter-ender" of every sort. Both the religious "bitter-ender," the fundamentalist, "red in tooth and claw," seeking whom he may devour, and the irreconcilable wind-bag in the Senate, block the varied intricate traffic interlacing in all directions by which the City of God must be built.

"Trains of thought" is a very suggestive phrase if we but turn it around in the sunlight a few times. One observation which flashes in on us is that in the minds of a great many people all the trains of thought are *freight trains.* Over the convolutions of their brain they pull drygoods and pig iron. The passenger business is *nil.* Their epitaph could be written in the words,

> "Who, born for the universe, narrowed their mind,
> And to business gave up what was meant for mankind."

Sometimes the trains of thought they carry in their minds are very long ones, with incredible Mogul engines of goodness knows how many horse power pulling them.

Their conversation is like the heavy wheezing of a freight train making a 45 per cent grade. "Yours received and contents noted" —"As per invoice"—"Option for forty days" —"Ten per cent discount"—"Market closed at 87." Not a very heavy traffic in ideas or ideals or sympathies there!

In pathological cases of business mania these trains run all night.

"Did you try the simple plan of counting sheep for your insomnia?"

"Yes, Doctor," said the general manager, "but I made a mess of it. I counted ten thousand sheep. Put 'em on the cars and shipped them to market, and when I got through counting the wad of money I got for them at present prices, it was time to wake up."

The exclusive business mind is a landscape whose noble vista is composed of desks and typewriters, filing cases and insurance calendars, and the bald heads of men who believe dreams to be idiotic. It is a world whose crises you cannot comprehend unless you have

learned that the difference between a 2-A pencil and a 2-B pencil is at least as great as the contrast between Singapore and Kansas City.

It is an aggravated case of peonage when so delicate and intricate a mechanism as the human mind has the whole track monopolized by invoices; when aspiration, emotion, phantasy, dreams—in a word, when the "soul limited" has no place on the schedule.

Before me is the publisher's blurb of a book which is described as "the most inspiring book published in twenty-five years." It is called "The Men Who Are Making America." Being slightly interested in America, I sit up and take notice. I learn that fifty giants are making America. I cannot call all the roll of fame, but among the major prophets are Guggenheim, Gary, Duke, Stillman, DuPont, and most appropriately, Dollar. The minor prophets, nameless here, are like unto them. I ask, "Is it true that these men are making America?" Then God pity us! The great question is, "*What* are they making America?" Are they making it anything more than a cluttering, shrieking switching yard?

A commentary on this freight business is an article by the Japanese ambassador, Baron

Sato, in a recent magazine on "The New Poets of Japan." I picked it up with my mind all ready for a whiff of cherry blossoms and my eyes expecting a glimpse of Fujiyama's summit through the haze. Instead I learned that the new poets of Japan are "those who are writing the nation's epics in steel and iron and textiles"! Very pretty play on words. But please find some other word than "poet." Poets (hobo poets excepted) do not ride on freight trains!

"What do you think of New York?" someone asked a recent visitor. "I only got a worm's-eye view of it," was the answer. If all our trains of thought run in the subways of commercialism, our views of the universe will be just about as adequate. The mind, like the Sabbath, was made for man. It was designed for great world-girding commerce in ideas, sympathies and those genial currents of the soul which cannot be added up in ledgers.

One of the major arts in operating trains of thought is to *keep them on the Main Line.* An open switch is a sin that doth so easily beset us. Before we know it we have left the trunk line which goes through to the destination we started for and which is worth arriv-

ing at, and we are off, rolling down a little spur that leads nowhere.

Straight thinking is a hard undertaking. In mental operations the zigzag or the curve is the line of least resistance.

Thomas Carlyle has left a lifelike picture of the hard work of thinking in a line: "When I sit down to write, there is not an idea discernible in the heart of me . . . just one dull cloud of stupidity. It is only with an effort like swimming for life that I get begun to think at all." Does this not sound like the confession of a locomotive engineer who has stopped his engine on dead center, and is making frantic effort to get a start? Once started it takes just as hard an effort to keep on the main line.

We realize this when we hear people talking. Shakespeare makes one of his characters say, "I am a plain, blunt man, and speak straight on." Our experience of plain, blunt men is that they do everything except speak right on; they ramble to all points of the compass. The shortest distance between two points is a straight line, and few there be that find it. Almost before we know it, the talker has left the main line and is tearing across the

meadows on a little spur. Even the simplest conversations are frequently like starting on a trip from Springfield to Boston. Simple enough, as one looks at it, but the journey is made by way of Charleston, South Carolina, finally arriving at Sault Sainte Marie.

This major art of keeping trains of thought on the main line is just as important and exacting in the larger aspects of thinking and acting. It is the simple, the universal, the essential things which count.

William Butler Yates has defined genius as the art of living with the major issues of life. The men who have touched deeply their fellowmen have kept to the main line of the primitive and simple things. Our greatest paintings are paintings of such things as a man plowing a field, of sowing or reaping; a girl filling a pitcher from a spring; a young mother with her child; a fisherman mending his nets; a light from a lonely hut on a dark night.

Max Beerbohn, in *And Even Now,* has put in rollicking words of keen satire this truth, well worthy of the remembrance of every minister and leader: "And thus it is that Brown's Ode to the Steam Plough, Jones' Sonnet Se-

quence on the Automatic Reaping Machine, and Robinson's Epic of the Piscicidal Dynamo, leave unstirred the deeper depths of emotion in us. The subjects chosen by these three great poets do not much impress us when we regard them *sub specie æternitatis*. Smith has painted nothing more masterly than his picture of a girl turning a hot-water tap. But has he never seen a girl fill a pitcher from a spring? Smither's picture of a young mother seconding a resolution at a meeting of a Board of Guardians is magnificent, as brushwork. But why not have cut out the Board and put in the baby? I yield to no one in admiration of Smithkin's 'Façade of the Waldorf Hotel by Night, in Peace Time.' But a single light from a lonely hut would have been a finer theme."

Perhaps it is to the minister most of all that this art of keeping trains of thought on the main line is to be commended.

What an appalling number of sermons there are, have been, and perhaps ever will be, which are like Madame Patti's home in Wales, in a wild territory of Brecknockshire. She always said in giving its location, that "it was twenty-three miles from everywhere and very beauti-

ful." The description would fit perfectly a large number of sermons—twenty-three miles from everywhere instead of being about three feet from somewhere!

Again and again we come back to the truth that the discourses of Jesus move across the tract of human life on great trunk lines. The words of his tongue are the simple one-syllable words for simple things—God, sin, light, love, child. The preaching which arrests and holds men is that which follows the main line of the great themes of apostolic size.

When a man departs from the major tones of the gospel he becomes a sounding brass and tinking cymbal no matter how ingeniously he may drum.

Bishop Charles H. Brent has said very earnestly, "We preachers are not simple enough even for adults, let alone children. We float into high philosophies which, however clear they may be to our minds, do not strike home in the lives of our hearers. We enter into fine disputation on sacraments, church government, and side issues of religion, when the majority of the congregation are struggling to reach some clear belief in a personal God, or an understanding of the incarnation

which will help them to combat temptation, or a knowledge of penitence that will rid them of the unbearable, sickening weight of their sins."

How readily many preachers allow their pulpits to be usurped! The Sunday-service announcements of a certain church recently show the pulpit occupied successively by a vaudeville brass band and some movie actress. One wonders when there is such an eagerness to surrender the pulpit to any Tom, Dick, and Harry who can collect a crowd, whether the church itself has any burning message whose delivery is a life-and-death matter. Our feeling in such a case is that it would be wise to throw the throttle into reverse and back to the main line. Such little by-trails do not lead anywhere.

It is a dull and drab mind and heart when all the trains of thought are *local trains,* making all the stops in regular order, and never crashing along at very much speed. Many people are never carried out of themselves by an emotion or an enthusiasm which whirls them out of the petty details of their local environment.

Now, I would not have local trains ex-

cluded. I yield to no man or—though it is a great thing to say—to no *woman* in my taste for gossip. I know of nothing which so lightens the gloom as a fresh piece of interesting gossip. I can well sympathize with Robert Louis Stevenson writing from his exile: "For heaven's sake tell me the news. Send me a letter crammed full of gossip." A feeling for the smallest details of life is a fine boon.

But once in a while mind and heart ought to be whirled about on the "Through Express" bound for infinity. There is no ecstasy in life to be compared with the "fifty-mile-an-hour" feeling that comes over the spirit as we become part of a great purpose outside of ourselves, and our spirits thrill to great spiritual realities. These things are more than meat and drink, and they have nothing to do with what the neighbors wear or how much they make a month.

Some people who never get away from the local stops run a mental "five-and-ten-cent" store. On the smooth surface of their unruffled brow you can read as plainly as though it were written in red letters, "Nothing in this place worth over ten cents."

Our fathers very often lived in a smaller

world geographically than we do, but their trains of thought were "through trains." Great thoughts made their home with them; thoughts whose extent was endless. It was from a "through train" that they sang,

> "I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger,
> I can tarry, I can tarry but a night."

V

SEVEN YEARS' BAD LUCK

SUPERSTITIONS are much easier to understand than common sense. Having no desire to join the standing army of manufacturers of imitation Chesterton paradoxes, I leave that obvious truth in plain sight, without tossing it up in the air and catching it. Mr. Chesterton could juggle it on the point of a fountain pen for at least four pages, dexterously revolving it to show you all sides without ever once letting it touch the ground. Perhaps he has done so somewhere, though he usually picks out more difficult stunts. The above statement about superstition would be easy even for the merest tyro in paradox juggling. For instance, take the superstition that it is bad luck to pass under a ladder. Elementary, my dear Watson! For this superstition is the cumulative experience of generations of unlucky wights who have been baptized with cans of paint dropped from ladders or had

their heads bumped with hammers. So after several centuries, the superstition that it was bad luck to pass under a ladder arose for the preservation of the craniums of babes and sucklings.

Another moss-covered superstition tells us that it is bad luck to come back after we have just started out of the house. We are told that people who did that would have bad luck. I should hope so! Why on earth shouldn't they? Their actions show them to be scatter-brained; they go off half-cocked and consequently they are bound to have bad luck. The fact that they actually had bad luck was a scientific observation. But ascribing it to their going back after they had once started on their journey to pick up something they had forgotten was an unscientific assignment of the cause—after all, a minor matter.

After this introductory overture, let us boldly approach the order of the day—the truth that it brings seven years' bad luck to break a mirror. Seven years? That is getting off easy! A conservative estimate would be seventy-seven years. The people who break mirrors are under the evil enchantment of awkwardness, of which evil charm breaking a

mirror is only a symptom. And for them life will be enlivened by many a startling crash. The superstition has at least that rational basis.

But enshrined in it is a much deeper truth, having to do with a malady more deadly than awkwardness—for awkwardness is not always fatal. Even grotesquely awkward humans may sometimes survive and be fairly happy. I know, for up to the present date I have survived myself. The deeper truth of the common superstition is that it is a terrible thing to break a mirror in which you can see yourself as you actually are. It is an unmixed calamity with seven years' bad luck and multiples thereof in its train, to lose the priceless faculty of detaching yourself from yourself, and looking on the spectacle from the grandstand.

Robert Burns prayed the Great Giver for the power to see ourselves as others see us. But he was praying for gifts already provided. We are endowed with a great variety of mirrors, which, when rightly used, give us an accurate report of ourselves. But we break them and then do penal servitude for our crime.

There is no question about the bad luck. When we lose the ability to see ourselves in our true proportions, when we surround ourselves with lying illusions instead of looking realities continually in the face, we are due for some bad spills and disastrous jolts. "Pride goeth before a fall"—and when we have only pride in which to see our reflection, we have nothing to save us from taking a header over one precipice after another.

Without an honest looking-glass to show us our right height the world is out of proportion. Our grotesquely false self-estimates will condemn us to seven years of loneliness—the worst sort of bad luck—for untamed conceit separateth chief friends.

When we break a mirror we are in the evil case of the Lady of Shalott, who knew when her mirror cracked that something desperate had happened:

> "The curse has come upon me,"
> Cried the Lady of Shalott.

It is enormously hard to form a just estimate of ourselves. For that reason we need every aid to the process which nature has provided. The apostle James well pictures the

difficulty when he says that "a man beholdeth himself in a mirror and goeth away and straightway forgeteth what manner of man he was." Dr. Rufus M. Jones says that these words of the apostle James are a great piece of physchological insight, as fresh and modern as though it were written by his own unapostolic namesake Professor William James. It is a notorious fact that none of us can visualize our own faces from memory. We see ourselves often enough, but the image fades out at once and leaves only a vague blur. One of the mercies of heaven, no doubt!

Mr. Chesterton has imagined a very penetrating fancy about a fastidious architect and a badly designed house. The sensitive artist lived in the unsightly house because it was the only place in town from which he could be sure of never seeing it. He had a faint fear that he might catch some far-off glimpse of the house in any other neighborhood. His morbid apprehension suggested he might be lured to take a stroll and by some dreadful accident turn in the direction of the awful house. The only safe way was to live in it himself! Now that is just what we all do. We see every other house except the one we live

in. We can check off glibly one hundred and nineteen failings of our neighbors both right and left. We can point out with great detail that their minds were designed in the early Ming period of architecture. But, like the artist who lived in the terrible house, we never see ourselves.

Dostoevsky pleads with us that every day and every hour we walk around ourselves and examine ourselves, but that implies getting loose from ourselves, which is an arduous and delicate undertaking.

Strickland Gillilan outlines the process in his poem:

"Just stand aside and watch yourself go by;
Think of yourself as 'he' instead of 'I.'
Note closely as in other men you note
The bad-kneed trousers and the seedy coat,
Pick flaws; find fault, forget the man is you,
And try to make your estimate ring true.
Confront yourself and look you in the eye,
Just stand aside and watch yourself go by."[1]

There are two priceless mirrors for the soul which should never be broken. They are *humility* and the *sense of humor*. These two are twins, or at least they are closely related, children of the same parents. They are truth-

[1] Used by permission of Forbes & Company.

telling, polished mirrors in which we can take a darting glance and be enabled by their report to keep within the facts in our estimate of ourselves. If we keep them whole, they will save us more than seven years of bumped heads and barked shins.

No essay is really scientific in these days without some reference to complexes, so let us describe what these two magic mirrors will do for us in the approved "complex" form.

One of the most popular complexes which attack human beings is the *Gulliver complex* —the idea that they are Gullivers in a land of Lilliputians. We can all recall the fascinating picture of Gulliver stooping down from his infinite height and looking at the strange little race of men about his feet. That is the view which many people continually have of themselves. Their trips back and forth through the day are a series of Gulliver's travels. When we get so afflicted both our sense of humor and our sense of humility free us from the evil spell complex. They tell us; "This is not really Lilliput, old man. This is the United States, and you owe the butcher ten dollars. You are mighty lucky to be out of jail."

Another popular complex is the *Orpheus complex,* the delirium that one's words of wisdom and the cadence of one's voice have power to charm all humans—and some rocks. One with that complex imagines that he is Orpheus, the music of whose voice threw even inanimate things into a spell.

We have all listened to the Rev. Dr. Orpheus on many occasions when he was having a perfectly wonderful time all by himself up on the platform, and his mental picture of the audience was that of the human race held immovable in a charm. Orpheus, you remember, went to perdition, and so does everyone who gets the idea that his words are an irresistible enchantment.

A sense of humor is a means of grace. "Now abideth these three," said an Irishman quoting Saint Paul, "faith, hope and love. And the greatest of these is a sense of humor." His exegesis was all right. Is your hat four sizes too large for you? Your sense of humor will tell you all about it, and prevent you from allowing your exaggerated self-importance to make you ridiculous. If you look at this mirror long enough, it will whisper to you in confidence that your ears look suspiciously like

those of a donkey, that you had better wear your hair long to cover them up. Without that hint from your sense of humor your unrestrained actions would soon add to the gaiety of nations. You would label yourself as a near relative of that comic figure who announces, "I am Sir Oracle, and when I ope' my lips, let no dog bark."

A genuine sense of humility is the beginning of all wisdom and the secret of all growth. It is also a preserver from painful and ridiculous escapades into which we are so easily lured by conceit. A sergeant-instructor said these words to a cadet and they are well worth reading at least once a week as part of our morning devotions: "No, ye'll no mak' an officer. But it's just possible if the warr keep on a while ye micht—micht, mind ye—begin to an' ye prractice harrd—verra harrd—hae a glimmer that ye'll never ken the r-rudiments o' the wurrk."

In more serious words Emerson gave the same picture of the road to true worth when he said of his essays in Journal in 1840: "I have been writing with some pains essays on various matters as a sort of apology to my country for my apparent idleness. But the

poor work has looked poorer daily as I strove to end it."

These mirrors can never be replaced, no substitute can ever be found for them. Handle with care!

A wife is an uncertain mirror. Sometimes a wife is a full-length pier glass for a man; not that pitiless kind of conjugal mirror that specializes on wrinkles and warts, nor one of those frank friends whose frankness is very much more evident than their friendship, but a true reflector which keeps a man in the paths of sanity. Many a minister, for instance, after his most eloquent flight around Olympus is let down to earth by a wise and loving wife as softly

> "As a feather is wafted downward
> From an eagle in its flight"

without shattering the good man's composure into a thousand pieces by too sudden a fall. It is a wonderful means of grace to a man with his head still in the clouds to have a loved voice say: "Forty minutes this evening, William! You will have to be a little careful about that." It enables him to see himself as he ought to, when after his soul-stirring ser-

mon on peace, his wife says to him: "I wish you would not double up your fists so in your gestures. I think it scares the congregation."

Sometimes a wife is a freak-mirror, like one of those concave looking-glasses which shows a person twice his natural size. The man as thin as a rail can stand in front of it and assume the proportions of a baby elephant. It is a terrible misfortune for a man to see himself enlarged unduly in the uncritical estimate of blind love. Better by far the most pitiless tale of truth told by a candid enemy than the weird reflections thrown back by blind adulation!

Great souls are a wonderful gallery of mirrors. Not that they give us realistic views of ourselves, for they do not. But they help us see life in its true proportions. They walk before us, and our petty superiorities over our neighbor, which seemed of such momentous magnitude before, dwindle to the vanishing point. They change the Pharisee with his peacock strut and pious cant into the publican to whose lips only one prayer rises—"God be merciful to me, a sinner!" It is tragically bad luck to break that mirror, to put ourselves out of range of influence of great characters in

history and in the present day, for their clear reflection of life's true greatness helps us to rise out of lives of tawdry insignificance.

Emerson presents us an ideal mirror to stand in front of when he says, "Measure your present habit of thought and action by the remembrance of your dead, by the remembrance of three or four great men who are yet alive, by the image of your distant friend, by the lives and precepts of the heroes and philosophers. These all are only shadows of the primary sentiments at home in your soul." In such mirrors we can see ourselves in prophetic vision of what we ought to be and may be.

Christ is the mirror of all men, the measure of the stature of men by which we may estimate ourselves. There is a very poignant story of an artist in a Middle Western town in the United States who achieved a great local vogue. His vivid and startling color effects were highly praised. He had but little training, but what he lacked in technique he made up in assurance. He conceived the idea of going to France in order to fulfill his destiny as the great painter of his day. He went to the Louvre and looked at the pictures. At first the somber and quiet hues of some of the

great masters aroused in him a complacent disdain. However, as he stayed on week after week, the real soul of the artist which was in him responded to the masterpieces. It was a terrible agony of soul that the man went through when he realized that if those paintings represent art, his own best work was nothing but crude daubing and that was the conclusion he came to when face to face with the best.

It is exactly that which Jesus Christ does for the race. As we look upon his achievement in the art of life, we see ourselves as the crudest of crude daubers. It is an immeasurable tragedy that for many men and women Christ is only a Broken Mirror. They swell up their Lilliputian chests, never realizing what malformed and undersized specimens of humanity they are. Sometimes the mirror of Christ has been dashed to the ground in anger because of the truth it tells about us. Sometimes it has been left slip out of clumsy hands. Sometimes the reflection of the Master has been allowed to become dim, covered with a film of dust through neglect and carelessness. It is an irreparable loss when the majestic figure of Jesus no longer walks before us. It

means "bad luck" for all the years when we can no longer see life's true proportions in the form of Him who saw life steadily and saw it whole.

VI

DEAD LANGUAGES

THE question whether theological students should devote much time to the study of "dead languages" used to be a rather combustible one. On the one hand we were assured hotly that there were no dead languages, that Hebrew and Greek studied under a real master were tremendously alive, tingling with vitality. In spite of that, however, "dead languages" as educational necessities have fallen on evil days with few so poor to do them reverence. Perhaps the most unkindest cut of all is the recent thrust of so eminent a Greek scholar as Principal James Denney, in one of his letters to Robertson Nicoll: "We could teach a great deal more that would fit men to be ministers if we did not indulge the pretense of teaching through Greek and Hebrew instead of teaching in the mother tongue. I think it no better than a superstition to believe that every man who is to preach the gos-

pel and do pastoral work must affect to be a student of Greek; as for finding the word of God in Holy Scripture and presenting it for the edifying of the church, the men who cannot do that with the English Bible, which is all that the church itself has to depend upon, cannot do it at all."

The truth of the matter is that there is only one dead language that anyone need to worry about—dead English! And the goblins will get us if we don't watch out! A young student may be most carefully inoculated with Hebrew and Greek, without having them "take" at all. But there is a deal of dead English floating around the unsterilized nooks and crannies of the theological classroom and library, and infection by it is perilously liable to become chronic. A theological education sometimes has an effect like that of Jacob's wrestling with the angel—it leaves a man to go halting all his days, so far as his speech is concerned. His listening flock, patiently trying to translate a strange, alien jargon into words of one syllable, shares the sentiment of Festus—"Much learning hath made thee mad!" All the preacher's little homiletical fishes (sometimes they are hardly minnows) talk like

whales! Among the many handicaps under which the Church of Christ works is the elementary, obvious one that between the technical dialect of the pulpit and the world of the street corner there is a great gulf fixed, across which must be flung a suspension arch of simple Saxon speech, before there can be any real communion of saints. Language has a very subtle influence on the thought it expresses, and when a preacher's words are complex, involved and cloudy, his message itself cannot long retain clearness and simplicity.

The writer has a vivid memory of Julius Cæsar's exploits in indirect discourse, wherein the scoundrel Vercingetorix, instead of talking face to face like a man, mumbled out his story through a maddening maze of subjunctives and uncertain participles. Only two memories of the writer's school days are more painful—simultaneous quadratics and the dentist. Many ministers share at least one trait with imperial Cæsar. They frequently speak in "indirect discourse" which does not fly straight to the mark like a bullet but rambles around amid thickets and bogs, "down dark lanes that lead nowhere." Trying to follow the tangled threads of the argument is

like wandering around the dark caverns of the Mammoth Cave without the friendly help of a guide and rope.

Much pulpit language has died from an honorable cause—*overwork*. It has been used and used again until it is a thing of shreds and tatters, all out at the elbows, hardly fit clothing for a Royal Proclamation. A stethoscope should not be required to show that life has long since passed from it. We are all interested in pensions for worn-out preachers. They are richly deserved. But ought we not also to provide pensions for worn-out ministerial phrases as well, so that they could be relieved from active service? These worthy phrases have wrought righteousness, from weakness were made strong, waxed mighty in war and put to flight armies of aliens. They ought to be buried with all the honors of war instead of being rudely disturbed every Sunday morning. On this roll of honor we would give a high place to such overworked language as "over the top"; to the omnipresent "challenge" and "crisis"; to all "new eras," new "ages," and new "days"; to "one hundred per cent Americanism"; to such pseudo-scientific lingo as "function" (who shall deliver us from

that particular abomination?), "objective," and "reaction." A very weary man cried out recently with a healthy impatience: "No one thinks any more; they 'react.' Let's all quit 'functioning' and go to work!" We frequently read or hear it said that "prayer releases power." That is unquestionably true. But it is just as unquestionably true that saying so a thousand times in the same threadbare words releases nothing but a sigh of despair. Language dead from overwork never achieves any divine miracles of surprise. The hearers go away thinking the preacher has "said what he ought to have said," and that is the end of it. Instead of the bread of life, the flock has been given spiritual food that is more like a pretzel, "dry as the remainder biscuit after a voyage."

Frequently language has met a violent death—from *strangling.* Promising arguments and telling points get all tied up in complicated sentences and are hung by the neck until dead. Rebecca West, in comparing the early and later styles of Henry James, says that in his earliest works Henry James' sentences were lithe and athletic; they could run free and unhampered; but in later years

they were swathed in bandages of relative clauses like an old lady invalid wrapped in shawls. James Russell Lowell, in a letter from Dresden, where he was struggling with German, gives a vivid description of strangled language: "What a language it is, to be sure; with nominatives sending out as many roots as that witch grass which is the pest of all child gardens, and sentences in which one sets sail like an admiral with sealed orders, not knowing where he is going till he is in mid-ocean!"

When a man strives to attain the simplicity which is in Christ his effort should extend to language as well as character. What a marvelous teacher of composition Jesus would have been! Or, rather, what a marvelous teacher he is! His eye is single and the whole body of his discourse is full of light. He is come to seek and to save that which is lost, and his words, having only that one great purpose of service, and none of self-display, are as clear and strong as the rays of the sun through a burning glass. The single purpose of service is the preserver of sympathy in every speaker. Sometimes a sword is so heavy with ornament that it cannot be readily swung against an

enemy. And frequently a man's style is so loaded down with rhetorical decorations that it cannot be effective for the direct and convincing persuasion which marks all true preaching. Wherefore, laying aside every weight, and the (rhetorical) sin that doth so easily beset us, let us run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus. For Jesus is not only the salvation of a man's soul but of a man's style as well.

Pernicious anemia is the reason for much dead language. The words are not lively, full-blooded creatures with rosy cheeks. You can chop them up into pieces without running any risk of causing a hemorrhage. The language of the pulpit is often deficient in red corpuscles, that is, in words with color and fire and music in them, words that catch and suggest the rich pageantry of life. It is very easy to be too harshly critical of the pulpit for this. One reason for it is greatly to the preacher's credit. If he is at all mentally awake, he must read, mark, and inwardly digest, if possible, many books which are essentially textbooks, written in severe style, technical, philosophical, and theological books. So his language becomes subdued to what his mind works in.

A long shelf of novels and poetry is needed to counteract the pernicious effects on one's vocabulary of a ten-volume Dictionary of Religion and Ethics. The wife of Principal James Denney shrewdly noted that he was preaching much better since he had taken to reading French novels. But, alas! the preacher is often so crowded that he makes the mistake of skipping the novels instead of the dictionary!

What wreckage stereotyped language can make out of the most sublime thought has perhaps never been demonstrated so convincingly as in the paraphrase of Hamlet's soliloquy into modern "jargon" in Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch's "The Art of Writing," The immortal

> "To be, or not to be,
> That is the question,"

emerges thus as many a speaker might render it in the omnipresent rhetorical jargon of today:

"To be, or the contrary? Whether the former or the latter be preferable would seem to admit of some difference of opinion; the answer in the present case being of an affirmative or of a negative character according as to whether one elects on the one hand to mentally

suffer the disfavor of fortune, albeit in an extreme degree, or on the other to boldly envisage adverse conditions in the prospect of eventually bringing them to a conclusion. The condition of sleep is similar to, if not indistinguishable from, that of death; and with the addition of finality the former might be considered identical with the latter; so that in this connection it might be argued with regard to sleep that, could the addition be effected, a termination would be put to the endurance of a multiplicity of inconveniences, not to mention a number of downright evils incidental to our fallen humanity, and thus a consummation achieved of a most gratifying nature."

Quiller-Couch's whole chapter on "jargon" ought to be bound up between the Old and New Testaments in all Bibles presented to young preachers.

But the most frequent cause of dead language is *senility*—words, phrases, and expressions which have passed into decrepit old age. This does not refer to those timeless words which embody the realities of God and the soul, which are the same yesterday, to-day and forever. "Senility" describes, rather, the period costumes with which the body of truth

has been clothed in other centuries and generations, costumes which are no more an integral part of the truth of Christianity than was the Roman toga or the suit of armor of the Middle Ages an inseparable part of the human anatomy. The tragedy of it is that the ageless message of Christ to the living present is made, by obsolete language, as remote from the thought and life of the day as though it were expressed in the Old English of Chaucer or Piers Plowman.

Ideas and watchwords which were impregnable defenses of the faith in days when such expressions spoke directly to the mind of the age become present obstacles. During the Great War it was a frequent experience for a regiment of soldiers in the trenches to discover that the barbed-wire entanglements which proved so great a defense when a hostile drive was being withstood, became a distressing obstacle when an advance movement over the same territory was launched. The same experience has befallen the church again and again. For instance, such an ancient defense of religion as the doctrine of the verbal inspiration of the Scriptures is to-day a vicious snarl of barbed wire lying athwart the path of

a united church advancing to world service. What obstacles lie in its meshes! It brings forth a resurgent premillenarianism, which, with gaze upturned to the clouds, passes by, like priest and Levite, a bruised and wounded world. It sustains an intensified denominationalism. In thoughtless optimism we are tempted to believe that the modern understanding of the Bible has penetrated far more deeply into the mind of the church than is the case. The recent agitated squall produced in England by the sermon on evolution preached by Canon Barnes to the British Science Association demonstrated that clearly. The sermon contained nothing which has not been an accepted commonplace among educated Christians for a generation. Yet its frank acceptance of the results of evolution for Christian thinking brought about the head of the preacher a veritable hurricane of protest from all directions. The church has not been honestly teaching the foundations for a modern Christian faith to the extent it should be doing. Too often it has been content with repeating the language of a literal interpretation of Genesis, language which is both meaningless and powerless as a present apologetic

of faith. Thus "the inspiration of one age becomes the damnation of the next." Such discussions as the one just cited on the verbal inspiration of Genesis, are as fitting, in view of the task of the church to-day, as it would have been fitting if, when the call to arms came to the United States in the World War, its young men had been so immersed in discussions of the Dred Scott decision and the Missouri Compromise that they failed to respond. So much of our theological speech is reminiscent of

"Old unhappy far-off things
And battles long ago."

The principal trouble with "the old-time religion," which we are vociferously told was "good enough for mother," etc., is that it is not old enough. Its partisans make the mistake of stopping in the sixteenth century instead of going clear back to the beginning. The "old-time religion" really worth talking about and living by is the religion of Abraham, a religion of intellectual and spiritual daring; the religion of Moses, a religion of social revolution; the religion of Jesus, a religion of love.

It was said of Hugh Price Hughes that "he took the ancient passion for the souls of men

and set it in the stream of modern life." That is the task of every herald of the gospel—to take the ancient truths and ancient passion of the good news of God in Christ and set them in the very midst of the thought life of the day, shorn of all accidental and obsolete accumulations.

"My sheep know my voice." The human heart answers, not to the mechanical repetition of a foghorn, or the ceaseless reiterations of a doctrinal phonograph, but to the voice of Him whose words are spirit and life. "Oh man, speak things!" cries Emerson to the preacher, in a passage that might well be carried in the memory:

"At church to-day I felt how unequal is this match of words against things. Cease, O thou unauthorized talker, to prate of consolation, resignation, and spiritual joys in neat and balanced sentences. For I know these men who sit below. Hush quickly, for care and calamity are things to them. There is the shoemaker whose daughter has gone mad, and he is looking up through his spectacles to see what you have for him. Here is my friend whose scholars are all leaving him and he knows not where to turn his hand next. Here is the stage

driver who has jaundice and cannot get well. Here is B who failed last year and he is looking up anxiously. Speak things or hold thy peace!"

Jesus found the language of religion all bound up in the graveclothes of tradition and laid away in the sepulcher of ceremonialism. And he spoke with a loud voice, "Come forth!" And the ancient words, God, Father, Son, sin, love, life, came forth alive, glowing with freshness and power. That enlivening of words is a prime necessity of every age. The prophet must take the religious language of his time and say to it, "In the name of Jesus of Nazareth, 'rise up and walk!' "

VII

A PLEA FOR THE CONSERVATION OF SOME OLD-FASHIONED DISEASES

IT has been a long time since I have heard of a genuine case of writers' cramp. I do not know whether its extinction is due to the fact that Dr. Carrel has isolated the germ or whether the efforts of Messrs. Remington and Underwood have wrought our deliverance. Perhaps even the free-arm movement of the Spencerian penmanship, with its alluring circles and curves, which we so painfully learned in the third grade and so painlessly forgot ever afterward, may have had something to do with it. At any rate, whatever the causes, few today seek the doctor to be cured of writers' cramp. The present generation writes as easily and unweariedly as it breathes. No matter how, in the rush and stress of the day, our other muscles may grow faint and utterly weary, the muscles of our fingers renew their strength with each bottle of ink emptied or

typewriter ribbon worn out. A fitting coat-of-arms for the times might be a fountain pen rampant over Truth dormant, with a devil-fish squirting ink embossed on the shield.

Hence we venture to suggest that science has been pushing the conquest of disease a bit too relentlessly. Would it not be well to conserve at least a few score germs of writers' cramp to be scattered about the community where they will do the greatest good? It is too great a servant of humanity to be allowed to perish from the earth.

Suppose that some morning one of our great daily papers should be forced to make this humiliating announcement on the front page: "Owing to such a large number of our staff being afflicted with writers' cramp we are reluctantly compelled to print nothing but the news in to-day's issue."

Would it not be an occasion for the long-meter doxology?

It was very significant that Armistice Day was celebrated in American cities with great snowstorms of torn paper in the streets dropped down from office buildings and thrown up into the air. For that is what has been happening ever since the war closed and before,

never ending showers of white paper blown about by every wind of propaganda. Whole forests have been slaughtered to make wood pulp for a journalistic holiday. We read in the book of Acts that when the mob in Jerusalem were unwilling to face the logic of Paul's truth any longer, "they threw dust in the air." The present generation knows a trick of clouding the issue worth two of that. It throws paper, far more deadly to the eyesight. How it would give us a chance to think, if a few score cases of writers' cramp could be preserved!

We have had an orgy of red, white, and blue lies in this land of the linotype. Red ones and white ones have been notably concerned with Russia. They have been equally impertinent and futile. The red lies have assured us daily that the Bolsheviki government was reeling into the pit. The white retort has insisted that Russia was a cruelly maligned Soviet paradise of prosperity and New Testament brotherhood. How many anti-Soviet armies have pranced gallantly across the pages of *The New York Times,* for instance, much like the pictures of Saint George, always charging but never advancing! After pur-

suing the imaginary triumphs of successive deliverers, Kolchak, Denkin, and Wrangel, till we can almost hear the rumble of Moscow's walls as they crash to the ground, some morning we meet the shocking truth, which can no longer be hid, that the scattered armies of these Napoleons are in helpless flight thousands of miles distant from their impending conquests. We have been beguiled by a fairy-story which puts the brothers Grimm to shame. Nothing remains but for the editors to appear after the manner of Prospero and announce,

> "Our revels now are ended. These our actors, . . .
> were all spirits, and
> Are melted into air, into thin air."

Small wonder that Mr. Chesterton recently declared that the things he liked best about our newspapers were the murder stories. There, at least, he felt comparatively safe from propaganda.

And the blue lies! What ravages writers' cramp would work among the liquor interests! Was there ever in history such a massed effort, involving as great a variety of literary and artistic talent as has been assaulting the Eigh-

teenth Amendment in many newspapers? It is common report in the newspaper world that the whole staff of many newspapers, not only editorial writers and reporters, but cartoonists, humorists, poets, and column conductors, have had strict orders issued to them to bend all their efforts toward making prohibition look ridiculous. And reading the papers we can hardly doubt the truth of the rumor. No exploded myth seems too hoary to be dressed out as gayly as the best artists and able writers can trim it up, and paraded like a scarecrow before the public. Recently one New York paper, a paper with an honorable record of great public service to its credit, has been making frantic efforts in its Sunday magazine —commandeering noted artists and writers— to reanimate out of its senile decay the ancient lie that the prohibition amendment was slipped over on the great American public by the sleight-of-hand tricks of a few fanatics. And unquestionably the simple villagers who never get far from Broadway, and to whom Eleventh avenue represents the Far West, believe it. Newspapers in general will not soon recover from the blow to the confidence the public has in them, given by their concerted and gross

misinterpretation of the so-called blue-laws of the Lord's Day Alliance recently, and even worse, their refusal to publish the statement of fact on the matter drawn up by citizens of unimpeachable standing and repute.

Whatever the sinister forces in the background of the present well-defined onslaught on public decency and reform movements, the myriad-fingered propagandist is in the foreground and any cessation of his writing powers would be a blessing to the land.

While we are speaking of blessings, how can we forget *lockjaw?* What an unmixed boon a judicious and well timed epidemic of lockjaw in the United States Senate would be! Especially when a budding Daniel comes to judgment and outlines a policy of world relations for the United States, as seen from the coign of vantage of a cracker barrel in the general store at Corntassel Crossing. Or in the House of Representatives on occasion when the Honorable Member from Buncombe thunders "Mr. Speaker," and starts on a three-hour carnival of unnecessary noise for the purpose of impressing home constituents a thousand miles away.

What a relief a little lockjaw would bring

in the case of those monumental pieces of impertinence to which we are now being treated, when mouthpieces of the Tired Business Man warn the Church of Christ to renounce the gospel and get off the earth! Come to think of it, might not an intelligent epidemic of lockjaw prove a blessing to church conferences and conventions? Carbon dioxide is the most poisonous gas known. An hour's exhalation of it in the form of extemporaneous oratory is usually sufficient to kill any budding promise of useful action deader than an Egyptian mummy which has been embalmed for four thousand years. In one church organization of which the writer has knowledge there are two topics which have been discussed for twelve consecutive years—a new method of entertainment for the sessions and new boundaries—without an inch of progress being made by all the vibration of the atmosphere. The same speeches, with the same rebuttals, have returned as regularly as the robins in the spring, though not half so melodiously.

In one of Principal James Denney's letters to Robertson Nicoll, he speaks of a book which he has in contemplation and adds this comment, "But I don't want to talk about it, for

the more I speak of it, the less likelihood there is of its ever being actually done." What an acute insight! The greatest danger of talk is that it is such a subtle narcotic. It gives a false satisfaction just as a drug does. A discussion may be so eloquent that it leaves us with a feeling of content to let the matter rest there. We are lulled into the illusion that we have done something when it has only been talked about. Just as the habit of day dreaming breaks down the will power, so energy for action can be hopelessly paralyzed by talk. "If you have a spark of patriotism in you, water it," once declared an Irish orator fervently. That frequently happens. The spark of decision and action is put out by a deluge of resonant chest tones.

One of the many "Develop Your Personality" courses now flourishing has an advertising booklet which tells "How Silent Sims Became a Fluent Talker." That is easy enough. What we need more is some one who can teach the reverse process—how to make many a fluent talker into a "Silent Sims." *Hic labor, hic opus est!*

I would not seem to be guilty of speaking lightly of so dreadful an affliction as *locomotor*

ataxia, but only to notice with commendation one aspect of it, that it *does* keep a person in one place. That much of it, if it could be arranged painlessly and in a homeopathic degree, might prove at times a real boon. For the virtues of "a traveling ministry" may easily be overdone. The climax of a well-constructed drama does not come until the third or fourth act, and too many dramas of kingdom extension suffer by having the curtain rung down in the midst of the first or second act, just as the plot thickens and events begin to move to a conclusion. The scenery is shifted and the star moves on to begin another engagement elsewhere.

The cashier of a bank in a Southern city remonstrated with a porter of the bank who always drew his wages in cash every week and carried them away with him, instead of depositing part of them in the bank. The cashier was a bald-headed man who usually wore his hat when at work, to keep from catching cold.

"Why don't you ever deposit some of your money with us and save it?" he asked the porter.

"Well, you see, boss," the porter replied,

hesitatingly "I don't like to give ma money to you—you always look as though you was jus' leavin' for somewhere."

Too often it proves hard to rally permanent strength for a church for the same reason—the pastor looks and acts as though he were "just leaving for somewhere"—as he frequently is.

Some ministers, on going to a church, seem to follow the advice of the fire department, printed on theater programs: "Look about now and choose the nearest exit." A church should always be treated as an end, never as a means of advancement for its minister. Some men use a church as a springboard, on which they bounce up and down for a year or so until they gain enough momentum to vault them up to some other spot. And the Kingdom suffers from such athletic prowess. A little less mobility would result surely in more of those permanent benefits which take time to nourish and grow in any community.

There is another aspect of the work of the church in which just a tendency toward locomotor ataxia might prove a great blessing. That is the custom of ecclesiastical rearrangement which masquerades under the guise of

promotion. As soon as a man demonstrates fine ability in one place he is summarily removed and set to doing something entirely different. How would a baseball team fare if as soon as a man proved to be a star shortstop he were immediately "promoted" to the pitcher's box, while the fellow who dared to make good as a catcher would be dragged away from it and "promoted" to the outfield? "One star differeth from another in glory" on the ball field just as surely as in the heavens, but the manager who produces a winning team keeps the stars where they shine best, instead of indulging a passion for changing the line-up. Yet in the church the theory seems frequently to be, "When a man makes good in any field, stop him right away and put him somewhere else." Is he a strong, competent pastor? Away with such a fellow! Make him a district superintendent! Is he an effective preacher? Stop him—make him an editor! Is he doing great things in a rural charge? Quick! Catch him! Send him traveling around the country! Has he done great service as a board secretary? Ah, we'll soon put an end to that! Make him a bishop! Anything so long as the nice round pegs are

pulled out of the round holes and pounded into others, whether square or round!

There is a far better theory of promotion than that, which will yield many fold more results. Tennyson calls it "the glory of going on." Instead of so much of the game of ecclesiastical "stagecoach" where every one changes chairs, we might try a policy suggested a long time ago—"Stand still and see the salvation of God." We are liable to miss a good deal of it by gadding around.

VIII

THE HIGHER HOOLIGANISM

YOU will not find the word in the older dictionaries, but you will find the thing most anywhere. "Hooliganism" is rowdyism. It is lawless ruffianism. A "hooligan" is an extreme individualist in conduct, whose only conception of law is that of a nuisance to be avoided. The word comes from London and typifies the street-corner loafer who flourishes in such great numbers there.

A few years before his death Lord Roberts warned England that her greatest danger was not from some outside power, but from "hooliganism" within the kingdom. It was "hooliganism" which Lloyd George had in mind when he said, "You cannot have an A-1 empire with a C-3 population."

One of the popular cults now flourishing in the United States, finding luxuriant expression in current literature, is the "higher hooliganism"—a rarefied, dignified and deified

form of the more familiar and crude lawlessness of the street-corner ruffian.

In a score of novels and other books, in current literature and practice, the viewpoint of the gangster with an equal contempt for law and respectability has been elevated into something resembling a well-defined philosophy. At heart this philosophy is only the ideal of the thug: "I'm going to get mine, boys," but it masquerades as the latest discovery in psychology or the latest revelation in ethics.

Perhaps the best definition of the "higher hooliganism" is to be found in the course of a Boswellian panegyric laid at the feet of the high priest of the cult, H. L. Mencken, in a recent number of *The New Republic.* The worshiper gravely chants: "He [Mencken] has had the fearlessness to avoid the respectable and the wholesome, those two devils, which so often betray in the end even the most intelligent of Americans." There you have it! The crowning touch of genius—*"avoiding the respectable and the wholesome."* It is that rare form of genius which presides over the current Eleusinian mysteries of the indecent and vulgar.

This aversion to the wholesome and respectable is an enlightenment which takes itself quite seriously. It flowers in poetry and literature, as well as in actual practice in social relations. It is not merely the usual immoral reaction after the war; it has resemblances to the high spiritual exaltation of the advent of a new religion, with its slogan, "Self-expression is God, and Freud is its prophet." It throws overboard such bourgeois terms as "sin" and "salvation" and in their place puts those blessed words, "inhibition" and "complex."

Edna Ferber, in *The Girls,* puts into the mouth of one of her characters a fair summary of the philosophy of the cult: "If you kids don't do, say, and feel everything that comes into your heads you go around screaming about inhibitions. If you new-generation youngsters don't yield to every impulse you think you're being stunted." Or, as another one of the characters in the same book puts it, "Run away with the iceman, or join a circus, or take up bare-legged dancing—anything to express yourself before it's too late."

Now, new religions and cults have strangely familiar echoes about them, and the present

glorious gospel of "no inhibitions" makes us wonder (though not for very long) where we have seen it before. For the new psychology, so called, is in large part old license, and a large part of the new freedom and unconventionality is a throw-back to the Stone Age.

The ultra-modern hero bears strange resemblances to the "Neanderthaler Man." Being up-to-the-minute in "emancipation from cramping tradition" means going back to the Glacial Age.

The same thing in music which is happening in morals has been most suggestively pointed out by Sir Frederick Corder, curator of the Royal Academy of Music in London, in a recent number of the *Musical Quarterly*. He calls the fad for freak music "the cult of the wrong note." He recognizes a widespread, unhealthy boom in freak music, which disregards the laws of harmony. This exaltation of unharmonious discord as "music" parallels the hysteria known as "Futurism" and "Cubism" in art.

"Unmeaning bunches of notes," says Sir Frederick, "appear representing the composer promenading the key-board in his boots. Some compositions can be played better with the

elbows, others with the flat of the hand; some require fingers to perform or ears to listen to. Yet we have to face the fact that audiences have sat for the most part unmoved while someone has gravely played the piano to them like a two-year-old child."

So we have "the cult of the wrong note" in morals. Gross self-indulgence acclaims itself as "freedom from a miserly Puritanism" and is a cult "of the wrong note"; an unharmonious "jazz" in the ethical world. In sufficiently enlightened circles the keynote of the hour is "Instincts to the quarter-deck!" "The fear of the Lord," which was mistakenly supposed to be "the beginning of wisdom," has given place to the terrible Freudian fear of the consequences of disobedience to one's instincts. "Have I the right to disobey this instinct?" asks the hesitant soul. Echo answers, "No!" The only divine right to which we need pay any attention is the right to be amused. The rights of others are mere nothings to which a strong man or woman pays no attention. The lusts and the higher faculties are set down at the board of life, and served with an impartial hand.

Toward religion the attitude of many self-

styled "young intellectuals" is that which Lytton Strachey attributes to James A. Froude, when Froude lost his faith: "In Froude's case the loss of his faith turned out to be rather like the loss of a heavy portmanteau which one afterward discovered to have been full of old rags and brickbats."

Current literature abounds in emancipation proclamations put out by high-souled rebels against moral conventions. These declarations abound in those delicious terms "bourgeois" and "Victorian." What mouth-filling satisfaction that word "Victorian" must give! All that is execrable, self-complacent, knavish, hypocritical, indecent, is summed up in it. A simple soul might think that future generations may possibly regard the time of Thackery, Dickens, George Eliot, George Meredith, Thomas Hardy, Browning, Tennyson, Arnold, Newman and Huxley, Spencer, Darwin and Mill as one perhaps worthy of a little honor, but such a childish idea only shows him to be a simple soul who belongs in the sub-primary grade.

We can get a delightful close-up of the "higher hooliganism" in the person of one of its corps commanders, H. L. Mencken, whose

three volumes of *Prejudices* are bright ornaments of American letters.

Mencken is the "Peck's Bad Boy" of American literature. His school of criticism might be called the "Peck's Bad Boy" school. Its principle of judgment seems to be: "There goes someone across the street who looks respectable," and immediately there is let fly a volley of stones and vegetables amid chortles of ribald laughter.

Mencken is a vivacious and entertaining writer. In the slang parlance of yesterday, "He whirls a wicked sling shot." He hits hard and frequently hits someone we all like to see assaulted. No one can stand for a whole day on a street corner throwing stones promiscuously without hitting one of the town's humbugs, and Mencken has punctured many a humbug. He admits that he is a critic. Dip down into the crystal stream of his judgments and pull up a chance specimen to get his quality and fragrance.

Take Dante for instance. The "Divine Comedy," Mr. Mencken tells us, "is mostly piffle." What refreshing freedom from narrow traditionalism is here! Such judgment does not reek of a musty conservatism.

Sudermann's *The Indian Lily,* he tells us, "contains some of the best stories that German or any other language can offer," and he tells us why in the following words: "They are mordant, succinct, extraordinarily vivid character studies, each full of penetrating irony and sardonic pity, each with a chill wind of disillusion blowing through it, each preaching that life is a hideous farce—that good and bad are almost meaningless words—that truth is only the lie that is easiest to believe." That is real literature. "The chill wind of disillusion telling us that life is a hideous farce." That's the stuff!

His chief scorn is reserved for the contemptible thing he calls virtue. "No virtuous man," he reveals to us, "that is, virtuous in the Y. M. C. A. sense, has ever painted a picture worth looking at, or written a symphony worth hearing, or a book worth reading. And it is highly probable that the thing has never been done by a virtuous woman either." (*Prejudices*—First Series.)

Poor Browning! poor Hawthorne! To think how hard they tried to produce literature without realizing they lacked the extremely necessary qualification—immorality! Think of the poor women striving to write to-day who are

doomed to pitiable failure because they are handicapped by the millstone of virtue.

Mr. Mencken lets us into the secret of good literature, when he tells us, in *Prejudices,* that "one of the principal wellsprings of art is impropriety." What a future for literature this discovery opens up! What epics, what dramas, what novels may we not expect when we can only get people saturated thoroughly enough with impropriety!

But Mr. Mencken does not limit his attention to literature. He is a critic of social and political life as well. His exceptional qualifications for this office cannot be doubted after reading his article "On Living in the United States," in a recent number of *The Nation,* in which he makes known to us that "The American people, taking them by and large, are the most timorous, sniveling, poltroonish, ignominious mob of serfs and goose-steppers ever gathered under one flag in Christendom since the fall of the Eastern Empire." (Prohibition must go pretty hard with him to stir him up to such a pitch!)

"Marriage," he tells us, "is just a series of frauds. It begins with the fraud that the impulse to it is lofty, unearthly, and disinterested."

The following judgment on William Allen White delicately indicates what Mr. Mencken thinks of a large section of American civilization: "What White gives is exactly the sort of mush that is on tap in the Chautauquas. *In the Heart of a Fool,* like *A Certain Rich Man,* is aimed deliberately and with the utmost accuracy at the delicate gizzard of the small town Yokel, the small town Yokel male, the barrel-end product of the fifty years of direct primary, the little red school house, and the Christian Endeavor."

The three chief blots on America, according to Mr. Mencken, are: The Methodist Church, the Y. M. C. A. and the Anti-Saloon League. He hates democracy and adores supermen.

We suddenly remind ourselves that all this sounds strangely familiar. Where have we seen it before? Then unmistakably there comes before our mind a picture of a man in gray uniform and a spiked helmet and a leer on a Teutonic face, for Mr. Mencken's ideas on things American express superbly certain Teutonic views of politics, morals, women, beer, and literature.

We have given doubtless to Mr. Mencken more attention than he deserves, for he is by no

means the whole cult of self-expressionists, but he is a symptom and a protagonist of the dark stage as described by William Lyon Phelps: "When enthusiasm, high hopes, and true faith seem childish, when wit and mockery take the place of zeal, this diabolical substitution seeming for the moment to be an intellectual advance."

We are undergoing a surfeit of realistic novels whose chief claim to notice is that they parade things which are ordinarily hidden; paraded for the simple reason that they are usually hidden. The ideal of this realism (and it is remarkable how often the particular type of realism is sex realism) is to take a photograph with the details very clear. Whether the thing was ever worth photographing or not is a minor question.

The photograph of a row of garbage cans might be extremely well done, and yet not worth doing, and it would not be hard to name a number of recent novels which have many points in common with a row of garbage cans.

Mr. Heywood Broun, in *The New York World,* commenting on the novel *Cytherea,* rudely points out that what is pompously brought forth as a new psychology of sex is

simply parading in print things which are common obscenities discussed by school boys in every generation!

The underlying assumption found again and again in many present-day popular novels is that a person's supreme business is so called "development," self-expression, self-indulgence, beside which the rights of others or the great idea of the obligation to render service to the world never appears at all.

The "higher hooliganism" will doubtless not spend a great time with us as a popular philosophy. It is important to strip the masquerade off what has decked itself out as the last word in "progress" and stamp it for what it is, a return to the morals of the pig pen. The cry "On to Utopia" as voiced by such prophets means "Back to the jungle."

Freedom from the constraint of morality and decency, freedom from the ideals and obligations of service, are false notes that make discord, not harmony; a strident jangle, and not beauty.

There are fundamental insights in men which cannot long be deceived and which clamor with an insistence not to be denied. This fundamental insight of the heart has been

well expressed by S. M. Hutchinson in the notable words of Mark Sabre in *If Winter Comes*: "There's some universal thing that's wanting. I tell you that plumb down in the crypt and abyss of every man's heart is a hunger, a craving for other food than this earthly rubbish. Dancing and picture shows and life's a jolly good thing and beer drinking and singing music-hall songs and dancing jazz—there's nothing in all that to lift a man to God. Light—light. Man wants light!"

IX

THE APOSTOLIC SUCCESSION AT GLEN

PERHAPS I should call it the Apostolic Procession. For procession it was which itinerated its eloquent way in and out among the hills and dales of Glen and through the pulpit of the little white church on the hill.

I do not suppose that the Bishop was ever conscious of the existence of Glen (bishops must think of many things) except as a name to be read off with firm Episcopal voice, in those moments of well-nigh Pontifical solemnity which mark the close of an Annual Conference. Then the name of Glen emerged from its modest seclusion, appearing on the horizon like the faint glimpse of a disappearing periscope, when the sentence was pronounced, "Glen—to be supplied."

And supplied it was. Sometimes with this, sometimes with that, but always, let it be gratefully said, with some of that promised Grace sufficient for all needs. That is why I

call it an Apostolic Succession. For the fire did not die upon the altar, no matter with what disconcerting frequency the voice in the pulpit changed from tenor to bass, and then a season of baritone. My vision of the itinerant parade was only the fleeting one of a summer parishioner; and if fond memory brings to light impressions that may seem not overwhelmingly apostolic, I beg you to believe that it was not because the real ministry of Grace escaped my unlighted eye and heart, but that the human nature of the saints in the pulpit etched indelible portraits.

In that gallery none stand out with firmer line than the occupant of the pulpit our first summer. It was Mary who first called him "Casabianca," and Casabianca he has remained to us ever since. It was no slighting term, for Casabianca was one of her girlhood heroes. But as we listened to the preacher from week to week the resemblance between himself and

> "The boy [who] stood on the burning deck
> Whence all but he had fled"

was too unmistakable to be overlooked.

For Casabianca was always occupying posi-

tions from which the hosts of Zion had passed on. He had a *curate contra mundum* manner which gave the impression of defying the world in a lone and heroic defense of ancient theological battlefields. He had occasional lapses into the present century and wayward disgressions from the sternly theological into the human, but as a rule his heart lovingly traveled the road to yesterday. Nothing which an evil and adulterous generation had brought forth could shake his adamantine loyalty to the faith once delivered to the saints (particularly to those who lived in the early part of the nineteenth century).

Let it not be thought that it was Brother Casabianca's "orthodoxy" which gently distressed me. I have been an occasional indulger in orthodoxy myself for several years and quite relish it, particularly its mellow and milder blends. It was, rather, his conception of the preacher's function as a sort of belligerent watchman of a geological museum in which were preserved in petrified form the creeds and articles of religion. He was quite willing to lead us through the museum, and show us all the specimens and relics, but sternly inveighed against the enormity of

touching any of them. We were not so much conscious of the Rock of Ages as of the dust of ages.

I have often wondered how he had managed to keep himself unspotted from the corrupting influence of new ideas, as though he were suspended in a protecting theological vacuum. Perhaps that was what had happened. I am sure, however, that the rôle of a theological Hamlet was congenial to him.

> "The time is out of joint: O cursed spite,
> That ever I was born to set it right!"

He was willing to set it right, but I am sure that such a task was never a cursed spite to him. There is a keen thrill of pleasure in defying the world, and Casabianca luxuriated in setting it right.

One Sunday afternoon after a morning attack which left Darwin and Huxley and a whole faculty of higher critics strewn vanquished on the field, I gently asked him whether such valiant warfare was not perhaps an unnecessary regimen for the flock. And then I delivered myself into his hands by making a quotation from Anatole France: "Philosophical systems are like those thin threads of

platinum that are inserted in astronomical telescopes to divide the field into equal parts. These filaments are useful for the accurate observation of the heavenly bodies, but they are not part of the heavens. It is good to have threads of platinum in telescopes; but we must not forget it was the instrument-maker who put them there."

"Don't you think you may have some platinum strings in the view of the heavens you give us?" I hopefully insinuated.

His crushing reply was that Anatole France was an agnostic, which clincher I was not prepared to deny.

Brother Casabianca's malady was the simple one of our old friend of nursery days:

> "Tom, Tom, the piper's son,
> He learned to play when he was young
> And the only tune that he could play
> Was 'Over the Hills and Far Away.'"

Our ministerial piper had learned to play his one tune in a far-away day, and every Lord's Day morning he piped us "over the hills and far away," regardless of the fact that right at hand was greened pasture for the flock. Back on the desert hills of past issues

he was feeding the flock on a diet of thistles.

Another summer introduced us to the Rev. Peter Bell, who stepped bodily out of Wordsworth:

> "A primrose by a river's brim
> A yellow primrose was to him,
> And it was nothing more."

I never knew a truer man than Brother Bell nor a more faithful one—nor (if you have tears prepare to shed them now) one less guilty of arson. He carried no combustibles. In the story of the Ugly Duckling the cat asked the duckling, "Can you emit sparks?" The poor, embarrassed creature had to admit that it could not. Neither could Brother Bell. Even when his mind collided on Easter morning with the most explosive truth known to men, the resurrection of Jesus, the result was not a detonation which shook dead souls wide awake, but a prim and precise sequence of premises and conclusions. He seemed to carry the dynamite of the word in sealed cases of language so conventional and stereotyped that it never escaped, just as the most deadly explosives may be safely handled if they are covered with a hard enough crust.

Knowledge and sincerity were in his every

utterance, but too scant an imagination to breathe into them the breath of life. He was like a man shoveling ton after ton of excellent coal into a furnace, quite unconscious of the trifling fact that the fire was not alight.

"Said Life to Art: 'I love thee best
Not when I find in thee
My very face and form expressed
With dull fidelity,

"'But when in thee my longing eyes
Behold continually
The mystery of my memories
And all I crave to be.'"

Yet I am deeply grateful to Peter Bell and other pedestrian preachers, for one rich boon. They have lured me into a detailed study of the Hymnal—a memorable enrichment of any man's life. This is a shameless confession to make, and it brings remorse even to a seared conscience, to think of the sinful dexterity I achieved, with due practice, of reading through the Hymn Book with keen delight, while presenting to the preacher the encouragement of a perfect picture of engrossed attention to the sermon.

What marriages made in heaven the Hymn Book reveals—the perfect union of words and

music! Such a happy marriage as for instance, "Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing." By what providential courtship were the hymn and tune ever united, to have and to hold as long as they both shall live? It is like a favorable trade wind which swoops down on your little yawl sagging in the doldrums and bears it away to the strong pull of a tropical gulf stream. But I see I have forgotten Brother Bell again, as of old, while strolling through the enchanted Hymn Book.

It is hard to indicate the warmth of affection which Glen had for the toiler who mobilized its resources during the war. It does not subtract a mite from the affection that it was wreathed at times with a smile.

Never did we sit in so electric an atmosphere or so feel the move and stir of things. There was little danger that during his ministration we should be attacked with sleeping sickness, though we were never so sure of feeling immune from Saint Vitus dance. It was during the war that we first associated him with Longfellow's gallant hero, the immortal Paul Revere, always

> "Ready to ride and spread the alarm,
> Through every Middlesex village and farm."

So we bestowed the name on him with loving pride. For he was a homiletical Paul Revere—bringing the breathless message of some new crisis or emergency with nearly every appearance. His sermons were a series of "Alarums and Excursions." Stopford Brooke said of Kingsley: "All of his books scream. If he tells you it is five o'clock, it seems as if it were the last hour of the world." Thus it seemed with the stirring messages at Glen. He was an awakener—and we sorely needed awakening. There is a tremendous need in the ministry for the galloping messenger who cries, "Awake! Awake! O Zion, put on thy strength!"

We could not help wondering, however, whether a Paul Revere dashing along the Boston-to-Concord road night after night might not have been a bit overstimulating to the nerves of even the sturdiest patriots. Man does not live by drives alone, nor by crises or momentous issues, but by *every* word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God. And not all the words of God are fire alarms or reveilles. Some are the calm, steadying words of a quiet faith. They do not echo with "the hurry of hoofs in the village street."

They are such words as "Be still and know that I am God," and "They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength."

Brother Revere's challenges disturbed our sluggishness with gratifying effectiveness, and for that we are deep in his debt. They left us, however, with a kind of nervous jerkiness of faith which is quite not the same thing as the staying power of robust vigor. If it was not the war, it was a doctrinal danger that portended, a crisis in missions, a local duty of unsuspected immediacy or urgency of an aggressive evangelistic campaign. The very variety of these successive challenges was at times bewildering, as our leader seemed like the hero of one of Stephen Leacock's Non-sense Novels who "mounted his horse and rode rapidly off in all directions."

Needless to say, Brother Revere thrived lustily during the war and the campaigns which punctuated it with exclamation points. Church life was one drive after another. Each week seemed to disclose an impending issue which called for taut nerves and the mobilization of all our forces. Thank God, he helped us to play more worthily our little part in truly great days and actions. Yet exercise

without food is a precarious business for a permanent undertaking. Men cannot live on a call to arms. Underneath are the everlasting arms. And while it is important to face our tasks it is more important to face God. "In returning and rest shall be your strength."

Itinerants still come and go at Glenn, but the spirit of God remains, strangely undisturbed by the ecclesiastical merry-go-round, and speaks a various language through them all. With each new dispensation of the Bishop and his cabinet of ministering angels, the flock summons its soul and sings:

> "Come let us anew
> Our journey pursue,
> Roll round with the year
> Till the Master appear."

And the flock rejoices in the grace of a versatile God who fulfills himself in many men lest one good pastor should corrupt the world.

X

THE FUNERAL MARCH OF A MARIONETTE

THAT haunting little melody of Gounod's, "The Funeral March of a Marionette," was fixed in my memory at the age of twelve, as eternally as the tunes set in the teeth of a barrel-organ.

Anyone who has ever had a little sister learn a new piece on the piano will know why. Whenever a member of the family struggles to the mastery of a new piece, it is a fine demonstration of the solidarity of the human race. Then, if ever, father and mother can repeat the ancient formula without the least trace of cant, "This hurts me more than it does you." While the frantic struggle with the notes goes on, the family reaches that height of fellowship in pain described in the hymn,

> "We share our mutual woes,
> Our mutual burdens bear;
> And often for each other flows
> The sympathizing tear."

The experience is one which approaches Paul's classic words, "The whole creation—or at least the whole family—groaneth and travaileth in pain." But at last Ethel reached the summits of harmony and the melody was graven in my soul.

The title of the piece has always remained alluring. Why a funeral march for a marionette? What tragedy befell the quaint little fellow pulled by strings? How did he come to his sudden end? Surely a lively dance would be much more fitting to bear the name of such an agile creature!

Then the picturesque significance of the title leaps out on us, if we loose the check rein of our imagination a bit. For a marionette always moves to a funeral march. When the forces which move a person are strings pulled from the outside rather than the self-willed and directed movement of his own mind and heart, he is parading in a funeral march, however nimble and prodigious his pirouettings may be. To the human doll pulled about by strings in other fingers than his own, life is a doll's funeral march, even though the tempo be lively and fast.

Many a social parade which glitters like a

Roman triumph is a procession of marionettes from whom real life, in all the glorious meanings of that word, has passed away.

> "To dress, to dine, to call, to break
> No canon of the social code,
> The little laws that lackeys make
> The future decalogue of mode.
> How many a soul for these things lives
> With pious passion, grave intent,
> And never in dreams has seen
> The things that are most excellent!"

What a definition of life! For some words Webster and the Standard Dictionary suffice, but for the real tremendous words—for the tremendous little word *"life"*—there is only one adequate dictionary—the New Testament! When we climb up to the Lookout Point of some great peak of the Gospels we see that there is only one fitting tune for a marionette whose soul is never shaken by the volcano of a great affirmation. The tune is a funeral march.

There are marionettes of all sorts. Fascinating books have been written about the ingenious and surpassing antics made possible by skilled manipulators of the little dolls. They give a great semblance of life. The

strings are all covered up. But they are only puppet shows after all.

It is tremendously important for us to know, before we learn to dance, to move, to speak at the pull of the strings, what we surrender in so doing. Emerson raises a milepost at the point where true living ends and the funeral parade begins: "When you said, 'As others do, so will I. I renounce—I am sorry for it—my early vision. I must eat the good of the land and let learning and romantic expectations go, until a more convenient season' —then died the man in you." "If people say," Emerson advises elsewhere, " 'The spring is beautiful,' think whether it is or not before you weakly answer 'Yes' "! It was said of Thoreau that it was easier for him to say "no" than "yes." But in that he was an exception. For most of us it is very much easier to say "yes," and in that fatal ease there lies the making of many a marionette.

The opposite of a marionette is not a rebel. In these days when unconventionality itself has become a convention, to be a rebel is a very easy and popular pose and one which results usually in nothing. The true opposite of a marionette is "man alive." The difference is

that between a tug and a barge. Both may be going with the current, but the tug is under its own steam and rudder, while the barge is pulled by strings.

When we have a whole nation of marionettes the national anthem is a funeral march. The end is in sight. The vital problem in America to-day is that of preserving a thinking democracy. A thinking minority, perhaps, is all that we can hope for. But it must be large and strong enough to keep great aims and ideals active in the life of the nation. These are the days of quantity production of ideas as well as of machines, and such quantity production of programs and opinions is a great machinelike force for the making of thoughtless human dolls. The line of least resistance when we feel the squeeze of the crowd is to conform to the popular molds of near-thought.

On the island of Saint Lucie there was just one coat among the whole population and the natives used to wear it in turn as they made their appearance before the king. That successive appearance of the solitary coat is a picture of what goes on in much more civilized communities when we all borrow our neighbors' opinions in which to make our public ap-

pearance. There is a haunting expression frequently used, "The cry of the lost soul." We have often tried to imagine what it must be like. Usually the expression suggests the lone, weird howl of a coyote on a cold night. But in reality the cry of a lost soul may be a giggle, a laugh, a hurrah, a sigh of content—any vocal sign of the surrender of self-determination.

Robert Browning wrote some words to the funeral march:

> "Just for a handful of silver he left us,
> Just for a riband to stick in his coat;
> Found the one gift of which fortune bereft us,
> Lost all the others she lets us devote."

William Lyon Phelps thus describes Browning's aversion to marionettes: "Browning can forgive any daring criminal; but he cannot forgive the man who is selfishly satisfied with his attainments and position, and thus accepts compromises with life. The soul that ceases to grow is utterly damned. The damnation of contentment is shown with beauty and fervor in one of Browning's earliest lyrics, *'Over the Seas Our Galleys Went.'* The voyagers were weary of the long journey. They heeded not

the voice of the pilot Conscience." There is an interesting echo of this in William Allen White's judgment that "Contentment is more wicked than red anarchy."

Sometimes we become lifeless marionettes by the suppression of our emotions. Genuine emotions are costly and inconvenient things. They throw us out of the easy lockstep. They are frowned on as uncouth in the best circles. A bit of recent free verse is a panoramic photography of a section of human society:

> "We have made cages
> Around all our emotions
> And we walk
> Quite safely
> In the zoo in which we have put them
> And feed them
> Peanuts."

We live by admiration, hope, and love. By great surging emotions we are lifted out of entangling strings into the glorious liberty of the sons of God. When authentic emotions are asphyxiated, life, in the New Testament sense, is gone.

Sometimes we are strangled by an obsession for rules and precedence and the mechanics of living. One of Yale's notable football players,

"Curley" Corliss, had a command which he frequently gave in a game, which would serve as a fine life motto: "Never mind the signals, give me the ball!" he would cry. That was the main thing. Signals are all very well if they help to advance the ball. But many people get so concerned with the signals that they forget the ball and the purpose of the game entirely. Especially in religion is it tragically easy to forget the main thing. Many nominally religious people do not even know whether the ball is advancing down the field or not. In their lust for signals they have forgotten touchdowns. This kind of strings makes marionettes of religious leaders. They get lost in the whirl of organization and mechanism. A great many gatherings of church officials end like the immortal episode recorded in Mother Goose, especially when social and economic questions are discussed:

"Four and twenty tailors
Went to kill a snail.
The best man amongst them
Durst not touch her tail.
She put out her horns,
Like a little Keyloe cow.
Run, tailors run,
Or she'll catch you all just now!"

There is in nearly every church gathering an efficient corps of ecclesiastical dentists who pull the teeth of resolutions, until they are as harmless as a baby kitten. A little boy once watched a minister in one of the old-fashioned inclosed pulpits waxing eloquent at the top of his voice and shaking his fists. "Oh, mother," he cried, "what if he should get out!" That is just the tragedy of it. So frequently he never gets out. Or if he does, he is as tame as a lamb.

Sometimes economic interests pull the strings. And they give a violent jerk. None of us can wholly escape from them. So firmly attached are the economic strings that our protests against them are often merely formal, and the world recognizes that they are formal. During the wedding of the Princess Mary of England in the spring of 1922, the proceedings were marked by a quaint survival of a historical custom of the Middle Ages. Westminster Abbey is what is known as a royal church and entirely independent of episcopal control, even of the Archbishop of Canterbury, the head of the Church of England. So when the Archbishop arrived the chapter clerk of the Abbey read a formal protest against his

presence in accordance with the traditional custom. But meanwhile everything went on without the least attention paid to the protest. Everyone knew that it did not really mean anything. In just the same manner the declarations of the church protesting against un-Christian economic ideals are subject to a large discount. They are regarded as a quaintly interesting but meaningless form.

The Church of Christ is to-day entering on the most tremendous battle of all its long history. It has seen some hard fighting, against slavery, against liquor, but to-day, as in the first quarter of this century, it ranges itself against the evil of war and the injustices of the present social orders; it turns from a war against pygmies to a war against giants. That struggle will not be a puppet show but a Hundred Years' War. That war will never be won by marionettes. It will be won only by men and women who have something of the spirit of the "Lone Dog" portrayed by Irene McLeod:

"I'm a lean dog, a keen dog, a wild dog and lone.
I'm a rough dog, a tough dog, hunting on my own.
I'm a bad dog, a mad dog, teasing silly sheep.
I love to sit and bay the moon to keep fat souls from sleep.

"I'll never be a lap dog, licking dirty feet,
A sleek dog, a meek dog, cringing for my meat.
Not for me the fireside, the well-filled plate,
But shut door and sharp stone and cuff and kick and hate.

"Not for me the other dogs—running by my side.
Some have run a short while, but none of them would bide.
O, mine is still the lone trail, the hard trail, the best,
Wild wind and wild stars and the hunger of the quest."[1]

[1]Used by permission of B. W. Huebsch, Inc., New York City.

XI

WHAT ARE THE WILD WAVES SAYING?

IN 1897 Marconi was asked how far a radio dispatch could be sent. "Oh," he answered, "about twenty miles." To-day radio telephone conversations are being conducted between New York and San Francisco.

The new chapters in the wireless are being written so fast that it is unsafe to discuss it with any hope of being up to date unless your words are to be printed within the next five minutes.

During the feverish days of the Great War a speaker declared, "Nothing is quite what it was a second ago." Since that time we have learned with bitter disillusion that a number of things are exactly what they were five hundred years ago. Nevertheless, his remark would fit the wireless. Were I to record the latest wireless progress on this page, by the time it is printed and published, it will read like comments on ancient history before the

building of the Pyramids. Mr. Marconi, with a magic which shames Prospero, has conjured spirits out of the vasty deep.

There is music in the air. Our ten-year-old children can make the very bedsprings become suddenly vocal with the melody of "Lohengrin" and "Tannhäuser." We may expect that to-morrow the instruments regarded as marvels to-day will be as out of place and old-fashioned as quill pens, crinolines, and high-wheeled bicycles. Our morning walk to the street car may be livened up by clapping our vest-pocket receiver to our ear and hearing all about the trouble which the natives of Afghanistan are causing 10 Downing Street. The "horrors" of living on a farm will be distinctly lessened. When the Canadian woodchopper in Saskatchewan tires of chopping he can sit down on a log, take out his pocket radio apparatus and allow himself to be edified (if such a use of the word is justified) by the latest songs sung on Broadway.

Every train will doubtless have its radio telephone. If the train is late, you can call up and inform your wife that you will not be home for dinner.

Of course the present interest in the wireless

telephone is that of a six-year-old boy intoxicated by the delirium of a new toy. When the novelty wears off, the possibilities of the wireless can be more definitely appraised. The tones and overtones which are soaring through the air, however, have much to say to one who listens intently. The ethereal Babel running in criss-cross currents around the world is saying something important about the mind and the soul of man, as compared with this amazing development of the work of his hands.

It will pay us to ask "What are the wild waves saying?"—these ether waves which bear the whispers of the nations across the seas. Is the message going across this amazing means of communication at all comparable in its significance with the means itself? In other words, the wild waves are saying this: "When the means of communication are absolutely perfected, will there be anyone left on earth who has anything to say?"

We are making fairyland progress in the art of how to say things. Is the soul keeping up with the procession? Have we very much worth saying? It is not an idle question. What is the point of talking all the way from New York to Honolulu over the air if you have

nothing to say, except: "Good morning! Have you used"—a certain well-advertised soap? What exactly is gained for life of the mind and soul of the country if this wonderful means of carrying music is used about ninety per cent of the time in reproducing the clanging barbarities of a jazz band? If a voice is poor, it will be just as poor or poorer broadcasted to the ends of the earth, and the wonderful means of communication will only emphasize the dullness and triviality if the message is dull and trivial.

As we listen to a wireless it will symbolize for us one of the most significant and important aspects of civilization to-day, namely, the disproportion between the mechanical development and the spiritual and intellectual advance. This is, of course, an old observation. Thoreau made it very keenly when the first Atlantic cable was laid. He said, "It is wonderful, but probably the first news that comes over it will be that Princess Adelaide has the whooping cough."

The very inventions which come to man in the guise of aids to his mental and spiritual life become substitutes for it. The marvelous inventions which have added so much to the

ease and range of human intercourse have been largely used as substitutes for it. That is, there were more messages intrinsically worth while, more real communications expressive of personality, before the advent of the telegraph, telephone, and omnipresent post card than since, with the many new aids to expression. The undeniable fact remains that we do not write letters as our grand-parents did. Where in the country will you find a statesman or public man who writes letters with anything like the frequency, length, detail, and interest, which John Adams put into his letters to his wife during the most crowded and strenuous days of the Revolution? And Adams was no isolated exception. All the public men of the period were voluminous letter-writers. To-day we feel ourselves fortunate to get a "Yours received and contents noted" letter.

Of course it is true that the newspaper to-day makes the old-fashioned letter-writing unnecessary. But while that is true, there was in the long letters of generations past a personal element, a communication of soul to soul, whose loss is a great one. We all remember from our high-school days the stately and pon-

derous march of Macaulay's argument in his "Essay on Milton," that "as civilization advances poetry invariably declines." Our present thesis resembles it not a little: as the aids to living multiply, the life itself is in danger of being crowded out by them. To say this is not to raise a futile cry, calling back a vanished day. It is not to inveigh against the complexity of life, as Ruskin did against the ravages of the steam engine. But it is to recognize that every advance of the mechanical invention puts upon the soul an immensely increased necessity of getting on top of its aids.

This is one of the aspects in American life which Mr. G. Lowes Dickinson finds most striking. In his *Appearances,* he vividly describes a night spent in a telegraph office on the Rocky Mountains. "I listened to the clicking while the sleet fell faster and the evening began to close in. What messages were they, I wondered, that were passing across the mountains? I connected them idly enough with the corner in wheat a famous speculator was endeavoring to establish in Chicago, and reflected upon the disproportion between the achievements of man and the use to which he puts them. He invents the wireless telegraph

and ships call to one another day and night to tell the name of the latest winner. He is inventing the flying machine and will use it to advertise pills and drop bombs. And here he has exterminated the Indians and carried his lines and poles across the mountains that a gambler may fill his pockets by starving a continent. 'Click-click-click-pick-pick pock-pock-pockets.' So the East called to the West and the West called to the East." Such wonderful means to say things with—*and so little to say!*

John Keats never had the treat of hearing a phonograph record conveyed by the wireless over five hundred miles, but he did once hear a nightingale, and it may be that there was more to be gained by listening to the nightingale's song and preserving the beauty and inspiration of the moment in immortal verse than hearing the uninspired strains of mechanical music, even though it traveled twenty-five thousand miles.

The same truth is even a little plainer in the realm of public thinking. What an incalculable aid to widespread intelligence the newspaper is! Here are all the materials on which to base judgments, all the evidences to be

weighed—a mass of thought-provoking information absolutely undreamt of by our fathers. Will anyone dare to say that we have a corresponding increase in thinking? The investigators, the pyschologists, and the whole corps of experts—and near-experts—who have been making a survey of the national mind do not furnish us any grounds for bringing in a very flattering report on the mental age of America. The man with the mirror is abroad in the land. We do not refer to the individual who is dusting off the mantle-pieces of Downing Street or the stained-glass windows of British churches, but to the people who are revealing our mental secrets. They tell us that the public has a nine-year-old mind, and we are tempted to think at times that they are grossly flattering said public.

Many citizens of our broad land have grown so accustomed to cartoons that they are unable to assimilate information through any other means. One of the most successful ventures in the newspaper world in recent years is that of the newspaper designed on the theory that a large section of the public likes to have its daily news served up in kindergarten fashion. Fifty words is about the limit of

an article. The article rarely discusses anything more profound than the current scandal at Hollywood and yesterday's hold-ups, varied with the pictures of the winners of the latest beauty contest or favorites at the beach. Thus we see the ironical triumph of the amazing technical miracle of the Hoe press—it obliterates in the minds of hundreds of thousands of people any capacity for thinking at all!

The aid to thinking has become the substitute for the real thing. If we were one of those pestilent people who flatter themselves on their frankness, when some of our best friends began a sentence with "I think," we would interrupt with, "My dear sir, you exaggerate, you do nothing of the kind."

There is an automobile story about a man who eagerly desired to purchase a number of accessories for his car. But the only way he could raise the money to do it with was to sell the car itself and buy the accessories. So that is what he did. That is what the wild waves are telling us, that we are in danger of allowing the accessories of life to usurp the place of life itself. Just test out the truth of this statement in regard to the realm which

all of us know best—the home. Has not the external aid become in many cases the substitute for that inner life, which the word "home" in its highest sense really means? The perfect arrangement of kitchen, the hundred minor conveniences, the pianola, the automobile—what a picture they make beside the kitchen and house of other days, where everything visible spelled hard and continuous labor! Yet who would exchange the inner life of that average home of three generations ago for that of its modern descendant? No, we are all willing to confess that electric irons and hardwood floors and vacuum cleaners are poor substitutes for unfeigned love and family prayers.

Many have been speculating as to the place the radio telephone will play as a rival to the church. When one can stay at home and in the comfort of the front porch or even in bed, have the music and the sermon—in fact, everything except the collection—brought to his bedside, there may be smaller incentive to get up. There is also the fact to be reckoned with that by staying home we can hear that eloquent Demosthenes, Dr. Henry Ward Beecher Brooks, instead of being dependent on the

prose of the Rev. Mr. Fifthly, the pastor of the church nearest us. But those who have followed the fortunes of preaching through the ages are not greatly wrought up with fears over the competition between the reproduction of a voice by an instrument and the presence face to face of a living prophet in the act of delivering his message.

But there is and ever will be a keen rivalry in a more vital sense between the church and the thing that the radio stands for—that is, between the life of the soul and those scientific and mechanical achievements which ought to be the slaves and not the usurpers of the spirit. There will be a fight always between the means of living and the life itself, for it is just as true to-day as it was when Jesus first formulated the truth that "Life is more than meat and the body than raiment."

XII

GAMES FOR GROWN-UPS

THIS is not a treatise on golf. Nor chess. Golf requires a bank account. Chess demands brains. I have neither. Nor do I dare give pointers on tennis, dearly as I would love to, while my serve languishes in its present state of infantile paralysis. Nevertheless, though an incurable dub in every sport known to man, I tune my lyre to chant a hymn of praise to "games for grown-ups."

Games for children take care of themselves in spite of any repression and neglect. They spring up as irresistibly as grass. But grown-ups need a guardian. Else they forget how to play, and by so much, how to live. "We do not stop playing because we grow old; we grow old because we stop playing."

Middle-agers (we refer to a person's toll of years, not to a well-known period of history, although, come to think of it, there is some connection between the two) frequently mut-

ter something about "the years that bring the philosophic mind as an excuse for not playing games." Philosophic mind, bosh! What most of us have is not the philosophic mind but the rheumatism! A game is a life preserver. It is a breaker of evil charms. When a man has the nightmare and dreams that the house is falling down on him, it is a great service to wake him up. That is exactly what a good game does. When a man conceives of himself as a victim of fate, with the bottom of the universe falling out, a good fast game restores him to what in these days would be called "normalcy." It brings back an ability to see things in their right proportions. Also when a man is suffering from another kind of nightmare, when he dreams in his waking moments that he is Napoleon, or the Pope, or Henry Ford, playing in a good game gently brings him back to realities. Playing is the only real cure for that strange affliction which descends on humans in which they regard themselves as Important Personages. The game is the kind nurse which brings us out of that delirium. Also for grown-ups a good game is the nearest of anything to the fine art—the priceless art which Browning ascribes to the thrush which

" . . . sings each song twice over,
Lest you should think he never could recapture
The first fine careless rapture."

A mistake almost equally tragic to that of not playing at all, is to spend one's time in playing games that are not worth the candle. Bridge-whist is usually assault and battery committed on time with intent to kill. Gambling is not a cure for anything, but a disease in itself.

The best games are those that we learn first —children's games—carried over into adult years with the same zest, but with a little change in the rules and the objects and the scale on which they are played.

I

It is a capital blunder to forget how to play *"I spy!"*—that king of outdoor sports. Spell it as you wish, either "eye spy" or "I spy"; it is just as much fun either way. You play it with your eyes and heart principally; your feet come in unconsciously and incidentally. Who can ever forget the days of real sport, the eager eyes searching for hidden playmates; the startled discovery, the frantic run? It was a great thing to spy someone around the

corner of the barn or under the porch. It is a game one should keep on playing until he reaches ninety-five. There is nothing in life which is more fun than really to see something for yourself, to discover something with your own eyes.

One of the most famous games of "I spy" ever played was that played by Archimedes. The beauty of the game is that you can play it anywhere. Archimedes was playing it in the bathtub, and he actually spied something, not, as the young school boy insisted, the *soap,* but the law of specific gravity. He rushed down the street in the exhilaration of the game crying, "Eureka!" and made a permanent dent not only on the Greek language but on all the languages of the earth. For the first time in all history he saw something hitherto concealed—a great law of the universe.

So much of the time we go through life with blinkers on, stumbling down the street in a kind of "Blindman's buff," in which we rarely actually see anything clearly. William James tells us that the infant's first mental operation is the observation, "Thingumbob again"—which is about as accurate a mental picture as we usually form.

The long gleaming history of discovery and invention is just a game of "I spy." The keen eye gives the thrill of actually finding and seeing something. Columbus played it on an epic scale in his venturesome pilgrimage across the Atlantic, pushing on until he stubbed his toe on America and accidentally bumped into a continent. What a game it was!

"Then pale and worn, he paced his deck,
And peered through darkness. Ah, that night
Of all dark nights! And then a speck—
A light! A light! A light! A light!

"It grew, a starlight flag unfurled!
It grew to be Time's burst of dawn.
He gained a world; he gave that world
Its grandest lesson: On! sail on!"

And the game went on for two centuries with Hudson, LaSalle, Marquette, Lewis and Clark scampering all over the great playgrounds of North America.

It is just as fine a game in science. Benjamin Franklin had great sport playing it. It is commonly reported that on a certain memorable stormy night he was out after the curfew had rung flying a kite. Doubtless he was, but the kite was only an accessory. He was really playing "I spy" with the heavens and discov-

ered a spark. It can be played with the same exhilarating results with a microscope. Pasteur played it, and discovered a microbe, and ever since the deadly microbe has been trailed to his lair by hunters who have made of the chase a far more heroic adventure than anyone ever put into the stalking of a Bengal tiger.

Religion in its highest moments is a thrilling game of "I spy." Abraham played it as he walked west with God and looked up into the sky and saw there a star, then another star, until there became thousands of stars and in each he saw a pledge of the on-going purposes and constancy of a God who would not allow his will to be baffled. The wonder of religious experience has been the thrill of faith which has taken hold of men as they have looked out on heaven and earth and cried, "I spy"—"I see God in human events, here and now." It runs all through the Bible. The Wise Men played it—"And when they saw the star they rejoiced with exceeding great joy." That old Hebrew psalmist played it when he declared "I had fainted unless I believed to see the goodness of the Lord in the land of the living."

The man of faith looks out on a dark scene to-day and amidst the inky blackness sees

streaks of dawn. His social outlook is lit up with the old-time faith of John, who looked out on just as black a scene and reported, "I, John, saw the Holy City coming down out of heaven."

These are great days in which to play "I spy," with the evidences of God's purposes and presence in the world. For they are days in which nothing else will suffice to put a lasting zest into life.

Perhaps the keenest relish comes when we play "I spy" with people; when our powers of observation are sufficiently sharpened by faith and sympathy to discover in the people we meet the things in them which the world has passed over without recognizing them; when we detect in human character the beauties and powers covered up. It is only so that we become experts in the art of life.

Think of the high zest with which Jesus must have cried "I spy" when he caught a glimpse of Matthew in his office and reached out his arresting hands to commandeer the abilities of Matthew for the purposes of the Kingdom. It took more than a tree to hide Zacchæus from the keen eyes of that Best Seeker.

This seeking for undetected wealth of per-

sonality is a far more interesting game than the sleep-walking in which we engage many of our waking hours.

Most of life's minor, and even major, tragedies come from the fact that frequently we never really see the people that we know best and live with. The great undertaking of Christian discipleship is just to discover and bring out the powers which God has locked up in people. A bungler may hold a yellow photographic plate in the developing room and say, "Why bother with this? It is only a piece of yellow glass. There is nothing in it." But the expert takes it and holds it in the developing fluid and demonstrates that there is a great deal in it. There are high lights and deep shadows in it. And as he holds it sympathetically under the right conditions he brings beauty out of it. That is the whole art of Christian nurture and the unfailing lure of this game for grown-ups.

There are just two rules to remember. First, *you cannot play it on stilts.* Imagine trying to play "I spy" on stilts. You would never get near enough to a live, scampering youngster to see him, let alone catch him. The people who go about on stilts pay an awful price

for their elevation. You will never see very much propped up on complacent self-satisfaction and conceit. You will never make very many discoveries if in your human contacts you always have to lean over with an "Oh,-did-the-Lord-make-you-too?" type of patronage. Certain games such as billiards and croquet require a horizontal surface. So does this game of discovering people.

You cannot play it in front of a mirror. Naturally, if you stand in front of a mirror, you will never see much worth looking at. A person who has traveled a thousand miles to see Niagara Falls and then stands on Lookout Point gazing at himself in a mirror would be a fit candidate for a home for the feeble-minded. Yet that is exactly the attitude which a great many people take when set down in front of the wonders of life and personality.

II

What would the church social of the last fifty years have been without the game of "Stagecoach"? It is as impossible to think of as to think of Switzerland without the Alps. For the benefit of the Eskimos and New Zea-

landers who may read these pages it may be explained that the game of stagecoach is played by people sitting in a circle, and as the magic word "stagecoach" is pronounced, they get up and change seats with someone else. You continually put yourself in the place of another fellow, and that of course is the most refreshing trick in the world—to flop down for a minute in someone's else chair and to look out on the world from his point of view. When such an experience is made into a definite habit of life, it is a veritable cruise to the Fountain of Youth.

There is a great deal of difference between a tractor and a trolley car. A trolley car must spend its humdrum days running back and forth over the same tracks, but an ungainly little caterpillar tractor can roam across the fields and cut corners at will. If it decides to go in for ditches, it can go in for ditches; likewise hills, alleys, or front lawns. "Afoot and light-hearted it takes to the open road." We have always thought that there would be a lot more fun in being a tractor than a trolley. Thousands of people prove it every day. There are people who have the same freedom of motion and direction in their thinking which

a caterpillar tractor has. And there are, alas, uncounted myriads who, like the trolley car, go over the same little track back and forth, forth and back until the tracks wear thin and the power dies down.

The art of playing stagecoach is the art of sitting down in the other fellow's chair and taking a squint at life as it looks to him. It is the art of getting off your beat and making a wild excursion into the next block.

It can be played in all sorts of ways. There is lots of fun and a deal of value in getting into a new part of the city where you have never been before. You come down to your office, get off at the same corner, walk by the same fireplug, out to the same one-armed restaurant as though the chief of police had assigned you to that beat. If you live on Grand Boulevard, jump the track some time and try Hogan's Alley. You will learn a lot. Explore a new part of the day. If you always go into town on the 8:15, set the alarm clock and catch the 7:05 some morning. You will think you are in a new world. You will get in with people who have different kinds of jobs and who wear different clothes. Again the thrilling possibility of learning something!

Why not play stagecoach in your reading? If you are accustomed to reading a solid conservative morning newspaper (if there be any such), try the Hearst papers some morning and learn what is being served up for the nine-year-old mind. If you feast your soul with *The Christian Advocate* or the *Woman's Missionary Friend* at regular intervals, look over the menu on the corner news-stand and try *The Nation* for dessert or *The New York Call.* Get *The Crisis*—see what the radical Negro is thinking about. And *vice versa.* That is the real beauty of this game—the *vice versa!*

The man who never plays stagecoach is a menace to the nation. He sees only one point of view. There are large sections of the public who can go through a critical industrial strike in their neighborhood without ever understanding in the least, even roughly, what the whole thing is about. It has never crossed their minds that there is such a thing as any other side than the one served up by their daily paper.

There is an old song about "the bear that went over the mountain." The second verse, which records the fact that the other side of the mountain was all he could see, was com-

monly supposed to be an anti-climax, the inference being that he did not see very much after all. The fact is that the bear performed an unusual and extraordinary stunt. He saw a lot more than most of us ever see. Actually to go over a mountain and see the other side is one of the biggest things anyone can ever do. The only hope of the future is that there shall be an increasing number of people who are willing to try and find out what other groups are thinking about, willing to try to understand all viewpoints, and especially to see clearly the human values in any industrial situation. The worst enemy of America is not the long-haired dynamiter with a bomb. That individual lives principally in the cartoons and over-heated official imaginations. The worst enemy of America is the thoughtless reactionary to whom the mountain has only one side.

III

Another children's game which ought to carry over into the forties and all points beyond is the game of "Follow the Leader." Nearly every one of us carries a sharp memory of barked shins and bumped heads which came

to us in the course of this game of "Follow the Leader."

It is essentially a game of youth, and always will be; a game for youngsters who do not have sense enough to know what they cannot do and when they are beaten. It is the game to which Jesus called his disciples when he said, "Follow me."

We would get a much clearer focus on the whole apostolic situation if we thought of them more often as a bunch of youngsters.

The Primary Picture Cluster which used to adorn the walls of the Infant Department of the Sunday school with its indigo blue and flaming vermilion colors has slandered the apostles outrageously. That fiery Son of Thunder, John, always appeared with long, flowing whiskers which would have done credit to Walt Whitman. We have unconsciously come to think of the disciples as a body of men resembling the venerable patriarchs of the United States Senate.

An idea of Christianity based on such art is fundamentally wrong. It is a great mistake to confuse the apostles with the Senate. The chief business of the Senate is to keep the lid on; the apostles pried it open. The slackening

energies of old men are usually employed in preserving things as they are. But the exuberant powers of these youngsters whom Jesus called to follow him were trying to make things as they ought to be. The fact that the disciples were early called "those who came to turn the world upside down," testifies that in spite of minor mistakes they got the main idea of Jesus. His invitation is still issued to join him in the great game of "Follow the Leader" in turning a world that is upside-down right side up!

XIII

FINISHING SCHOOLS

THE little girl across the street went away last fall to a Finishing School. The trip was altogether a success. She was "finished." The preceptress and all the other "esses" accomplished the task with all the neatness and dispatch promised in the catalog. Of the efficiency of the curriculum there can be no doubt. The finished product has reminded us that the tender grace of a day that is dead will never come back again. And I, for one, felt almost as though a funeral had passed down our block, for the light of a whole block dies when one of its little girls disappears in the clutches of a finishing school.

Oh yes, Mildred is still with us. Not all the finishing touches have been entirely completed. Little girls are endowed by the Creator with certain inalienable rights, and not even the most expensive finishing school in the country can quite alienate them. She is still pretty. In some sophisticated ways much more so

than before. She has what is described in the catalog as "carriage." But the frank, rollicking playmate-at-large of the whole neighborhood, with her honest, inquisitive eyes, with her unconscious and yet fierce democracy, and her sublime (I had almost written divine) independence of judgment, is gone. In her place there is a finished product, with imagination, emotions, and most other faculties so stiff that they walk with a limp.

A schoolboy, showing a picture of King Charles I on his way to the scaffold, told the astonished onlookers that it was a picture of King Charles on his way to be *block-headed.* That sometimes happens at school. And it is a question whether it is not as bad a tragedy in one's life to be *block-headed* as be-headed.

If I were to draw a picture of the type of finishing school to which Mildred went, it would be the open mouth of a dark cave with a long string of little girls in pig-tails going into it on their way to be block-headed.

Whoever gave this particular type of institution the name of finishing school had a flash of genius. There is a kind of expensive school that is like a garden in which the little dwarf Japanese trees are raised, or rather,

where they are stunted. Every variety of retarding process known is ingeniously applied. The native efflorescence of the plant is deadened until the "finished" tree, a few feet in height, while it is graceful and beautiful after a hothouse fashion, is nothing more than a caricature of a tree.

These schools do not supply the discipline or the training which would fit a woman for the modern world of self-respecting freedom and enlarged opportunity. They do not fit her to move in self-reliant and effective service in the world to-day. They rather fit her to take her part in one of the Elsie Dinsmore books, or one of the novels by "the Duchess" so popular a generation ago. They teach a little French, enough to enable one to order a *table d'hôte* dinner, but not enough to struggle with the mysteries of an *à la carte* menu. They teach some music—enough to enable the student to change the phonograph records gracefully. And they teach deportment. Heavens, what a word! The self-conscious attention to "the proprieties" acts on the human soul like a chilling breeze on a peach orchard just bursting into blossom and nips all the blooms in the bud. The ill-fated graduates of

a fashionable finishing school might well take as their class motto, "We have met the enemy and we are theirs." For their natural human sympathies and the possibilities of their expanding spirits have been smothered by that deadly enemy of the human race—Superficial Convention.

They have become self-centered and self-satisfied. Their vision is astigmatized until Paul Poiret is a greater man than Abraham Lincoln, and bridge-whist is a more vital issue than child labor. Oh, events will happen after they are "finished"—events such as marriage, births and death. But the history of a growing soul is pretty largely closed. The candle has been snuffed out.

But there are many other kinds of finishing schools. Marriage has proved a deadly finishing school for the larger powers of human spirit to many millions of women. This is not necessarily a fault of the institution of marriage itself. It is the woman who is the usual victim of the inertia which develops often after marriage.

When the bride steps within her own four walls the shades of the prison house descend upon her. Indeed, we might often better

read the Burial Service instead of the Wedding Ritual, for many of the finest possibilities of the mind are laid away. The interests of a woman's life shrink until they are bounded by the circle of her neighbors and her house and her family. These are harsh words. Perchance you do not believe them. Then talk to the next minister you meet. Get him to tell you of the vast number of matrimonial craft which have disappeared beyond the vanishing point as far as any vital, human service is concerned after marriage.

Here is a bright young girl interested in many kinds of work, both religious and philanthropic. Often she makes the capital blunder of dropping them all after marriage and retires from the busy world's human need as though she were either a nun who had entered a convent, or a fat little hedgehog which had wiggled itself into its dug-out for the winter. The person who thus takes the line of least resistance, and in the self-satisfied happiness of the early days and years of married life withdraws from the wider circle of service and fellowship, will pay a heavy price for it in the dullness and emptiness of later years.

Many other things act as finishing schools in much the same manner. A little bit of success early in the game may be a finishing school for anyone so unlucky as to encounter it. A man's real possibilities of growth and development may be entirely spoiled by the easy mastery of the first lessons of a profession or art. Whenever a person says, ever so slyly and softly to himself, "I have learned the trick," his feet stand in slippery places. We often use the phrase regarding a certain person, "He has arrived." That phrase in itself is an epitaph, for the man who has "arrived" is usually so conscious of the feat that he stops to admire himself, and at that hour his faculties congeal.

There was an actor in the old days who played the part of a butler so perfectly that every critic singled out his performance for favorable mention. The praise so went to his head that he played the butler's part all his life.

When a singer has listened to enough people telling him that he is a wonder, he is in imminent danger of coming to believe it, and when that happens there is only one step more, namely, the exit. More preachers have

been ruined by thoughtless old ladies in their congregations, who play the part of the very devil, tempting the poor fellows to the dizzy heights of self-conceit, than by all other causes put together. Unconsciously, unless he is a man either of iron will or genuine Christian humility, he surveys his weekly sermonic effort with the air of a Nebuchadnezzar who says, "Is not this great Babylon which I have built?" The inevitable sequel always happens. Like the great Nebuchadnezzar, he is soon turned out to pasture!

Pity the poor man who has one good sermon. It will be the death of him as a preacher, unless a providential fire comes along and burns it up, or some other interposition of Providence snatches him from the jaws of death. Many a man owes his power as a preacher to the fact that he was condemned to preach for years to audiences which, in true scriptural fashion, were steadfast and immovable. Trying to move them was like trying to lift the Rocky Mountains. The poor man strained on in the labors of Hercules for years, until, by the grace of God, he acquired the power of speaking words so straight and plain and warm that they would melt the very rocks.

It must be laid up to the eternal credit of many a solid headed congregation that it has helped to make real preachers by strengthening in them that humility of spirit which is the only path to power.

Ingrowing professionalism is an ideal finishing school. The narrow interests, stereotyped manner, the class consciousness, the machine-like mental reactions—all combine to stifle the native individual flavor of personality. It is a common biological process for a man's position to harden on him like a shell.

When this goes on unhindered for several years the man is as much cased in from the outer world as a hermit crab. The physician, the business executive, the teacher and the preacher all stand in the way of temptation.

We are very familiar with the name "hard-shelled Baptist." But the Baptists have no monopoly on hard shells. The family of crustaceans is very democratic. There are "hard-shelled" Episcopalians and "hard-shelled" Methodists and Presbyterians—clergymen whom their profession has solidified. The Monday-morning Preachers' Meeting has proved a finishing school for many a minister. It is a serious question whether the

Preachers' Meeting ought not to be listed in the Methodist *Discipline* in the paragraph on "Forbidden Amusements." The dangerous part of the curriculum is not in the meeting itself, which occasionally provides addresses of a stimulating order. The danger spot is the bookstore, where the brethren gather for the weekly orgy of ecclesiastical gossip. Let us be fair. There is a fellowship value to these gatherings which is large. The Monday-morning meeting is the pious equivalent for the "Hail, hail, the gang's all here" of other circles, and as such ought to be encouraged. The finishing school comes in the professional consciousness which is promoted by the petty whirlpools and eddies of a back-water far removed from the main streams of life. A cramping professionalism closes in on one when the small game of ecclesiastical politics looms larger and larger.

To many preachers the question of Saint Paul in Galatians is very applicable: "You were running well, what did hinder you?" What slows down so many ministers at middle age? When a runner slackens in the second lap of the race the trouble is usually simple—he gets out of breath. The preacher has the

same trouble—scanty inspiration. His attention gets deflected to the minor details and accidents of his work. Larger enthusiasms are swallowed up by petty annoyances.

An item in the newspapers a few days ago recorded the fact that a Boston built clipper ship of the sixties named "The Glory of the Seas" (what a hilarious name for a trim little clipper!) was condemned to the junk heap. "The Glory of the Seas" was one of the first square-rigged vessels afloat in her day, and it was a sad sight to see her towed away to the junk heap. But that event described the anti-climax that often happens in life when a man whose passion and freshness might well be termed "the glory of the seas" pulls into some inglorious drydock of a lack-luster routine.

A recent comic film showed the village fire department called out to extinguish a fire. They fell to wrangling over the precedence and rank of the various members, which one should have the honor of attaching the hose and which would hold the nozzle. The dispute lasted until the house completely burned down. It was uproariously funny on the screen, but not so funny in real life, where men whose ostensible business it is to save

civilization allow their energies to be absorbed in the details of wrangling for precedence.

One of the most fatal features of the professional manner is the subtlety of the process by which a narrow provincialism becomes the chief, or at least one, of the major ends of life. The result is either a gently complaining disposition or a complacency which is not easily stirred. It is this professionalism which is largely responsible for the ungenerous jealousy so often noticed among ministers. Or this finishing school results in a mechanical routine. The prophet no longer gives to men battle cries and banners. Instead he administers opiates and anodynes.

There is in the Methodist phraseology a spiritual phrase which ought not to be lost, and that is a *"traveling ministry."* If there is any profession which ought to be a traveling one, it is the ministry. It must travel to keep step with the onward pilgrimage of the human race. The old physical itinerating may become largely a memory, but when the minister ceases to travel with intellectual agility, he surrenders his largest usefulness. A colored minister in the South greatly impressed his hearers once with a sermon in which he used

again and again the phrase *statu quo*. After the sermon was over one of the elders took him aside and said, "Parson, you kept saying lots of times that we were in a *statu quo*. What does that mean?" "Well, I will tell you," the preacher answered. "It is Latin and it means in English, 'we are in the devil of a fix.'" He translated well. It is a terrible fix to be in *statu quo* where everything is settled. Many a man imagines that he has settled the great questions which used to perplex him, when, as a matter of fact, he has only forgotten them. Ruskin says: "Whenever the search after Truth begins, there life begins. Whenever that search ceases, there life ceases." A tragedy has happened in any man's life when he loses that eager interest in intellectual life which Mr. Chesterton has characterized as "uproarious thinking."

Consider some of the most common courses at this finishing school for prophets. They may be briefly pointed out and a red lantern hung on them. A frequent and effective one is *Ecclesiastical English*. This is what is known in pious phraseology as the "Language of Zion." Unless a minister watches his speech with eternal vigilance, it becomes interlarded

with pious phrases never used elsewhere, and which stamp him as belonging to a class apart from the common variety of the human race.

Turn to any district superintendent's report delivered at the Annual Conference to find an anthology of these threadbare ecclesiastical phrases. No orthodox district superintendent would think of closing a report without mentioning "A going in the tops of the mulberry trees," or referring to a "gracious revival," and adding as an afterthought that "the end is not yet."

Tone production is another course at the finishing school, by which a human voice becomes an instrument for emitting sounds like that of a train caller at the Union Station. A minister ought to perform the highly useful function of a fog horn, warning people of impending dangers. But it is not strictly necessary to reproduce the tones of the fog horn itself.

The worst trouble with what is known as a *pulpit tone* is that the afflicted is rarely conscious of it. We once listened to a professor in a theological seminary warning the students against using a pulpit tone. The warning itself was vocalized in what seemed to us

as the most sepulchral noises which ever burst forth from a human chest. A man has reached a sorry pass when he cannot speak in public without a trace of the "let-us-all-rise-and-sing-that-grand-old-hymn" manner of speech.

Happily, the ponderous pulpit orator is being gathered to the historical museum. We do not hear that painful phrase, "pulpit effort," as often as we used to. The preachers whom the country listens to with the greatest eagerness are men who have mastered the art of simple Saxon speech without the slightest trace of conscious effort at impressiveness, men like Bishop F. J. McConnell, Henry Sloane Coffin, Charles R. Brown, and Charles E. Jefferson, to name only a few out of a large number.

There is only one really effective precaution against suffocation—keep out in the open air.

XIV

THE ADVERTISING MAN TALKS

HE was the only other occupant of the Pullman and the conversation, starting from, "What's your line?" that universal point of departure, had taken its rambling and leisurely way till it had reached the Elysian Fields of real intimacy. To my reply that I was a preacher he had told me that that was his business, too, and we shook hands again.

"What denomination?" I had asked.

"Advertising," he replied, without a smile.

From that moment I knew he had something to say and I kept diligently angling for it. But we had covered quite a wide circle of territory, the ethics of advertising and much more, before a chance remark of mine, to the effect that I thought that the preachers had learned much from modern advertising, unexpectedly proved to be the "Open Sesame" to his heart.

"Yes, you have," he readily agreed. "I've

been a church-goer all my life, and it feels mighty good when I get into a town on Saturday and pick up the papers and find that the church has really got a place in the sun. I have seen some very good 'adhesive' sermons on church bulletin boards, too, the kind that stick to a man, and yet I've often wondered whether a good many preachers have really learned the biggest thing that modern advertising has got for them. For the most important point of contact between the advertising man and the preacher is not in ingenious devices for drawing an audience; it has to do with the sermon itself.

"You see, I am one of those hopeless old fogies who believe that preaching is the preacher's chief job. Do you remember that old poem of Emerson's where the Days hold out to a man a lot of gifts—kingdoms and all sorts of things—and he takes only a couple of apples and something else to eat and lets them go by? I am not a literary shark, but I use Emerson in my business. He would have made a great ad writer—short crisp sentences with a bite in them. Well, I am afraid there are some preachers, with the best intentions in the world, who are taking from advertising only a

few little things for immediate use, like the man in the poem, and letting what you might really call a whole kingdom of influence slip by without paying much attention to it.

"George Batten says that the purpose of an advertisement is to get itself believed, remembered, and acted upon. I don't know that you could get a better statement of what you are aiming at in the pulpit every Sunday; could you? I have spent a good many years writing advertisements six days a week and listening to sermons on Sunday, and all the time I have grown in the belief that the points of a good advertisement and of a good sermon are just about the same. The experiences that have taught me the little I know have been costly and humiliating; humiliating, because the things so obvious and elementary that they were right in front of my eyes have been the very things that I have taken a long time to see. But I guess the blunder is not so uncommon after all.

"Take the most elementary thing of all, for instance, the fact that to secure effective publicity for anything you have actually got to study the article. Why, that's an axiom! Everyone knows it in an unthinking sort of

way, but there are many advertising experts who do not believe it any more than I did when I began. I began to write advertisements with a knack for phrases, a 'nose for the unusual,' and more or less superficial cleverness that really got quite surprising results for such meager capital, but, fortunately, I fell into many a ditch quite early from the simple fact that, while talking quite interestingly in print, I did not really know all the ins and outs of the thing I was talking about. Irvin Cobb says it is one of the 'mysteries' of the writing business that to make the deepest impression on your reader you must know what you are writing about. Some clever and superficial work may pass the test, but sooner or later the man who knows little about paints or painting but who tries to write ads that aim to influence people to buy certain paints and do certain kinds of painting, will betray himself. Be sure your sins of omission will find you out. I remember one particularly fine series of advertisements I did for an agricultural implement firm. They were really bright. The only trouble with them, as my client very gently pointed out to me, was that they showed such little acquaintance with

farm labor that any farmer would laugh at them. It seemed too bad to discard such clever writing for so prosaic a reason as that! Last year, when our firm took a contract to advertise Portland cement, I spent a whole month learning how it was made and digging up some points why that cement was the best to buy. I believe I could have made the stuff myself when I sat down to write the ads. It paid too.

"I have heard too much strong preaching for me to criticize preaching in general. More than that, I think that Christianity has received and is receiving the most effective publicity that has ever been given to anything under the sun. Yet I hear a lot of preaching in the course of a year's travel that makes me think that some of the men who do it are in the same position that I was: they do not thoroughly know their article.

"Then some men seem to only know in spots the thing they are set to project. When they have preached on the texts, 'Servants, obey your masters,' and, 'The powers that be are ordained of God,' they have swung their whole circle. They are missing a whole lot of what we advertising men call 'good talking points' on the social side of Christianity—points that

have a strong appeal and drawing power in that they make Christianity appear as a real part of what men want. I have listened to other sermons when for the life of me I could hardly tell whether the preacher was recommending 'righteousness, joy, and peace in the Holy Ghost' or some particular brand of literary criticism to be applied to the fourth chapter of the book of Daniel. Of course the effective study of an article goes farther than the thing itself. It includes the materials of which it is made, the history and development of the business, and, above all, the services it can perform. 'What can it do better than anything else in the world?' is a fair question that both of us have to be able to answer on the spot, and answer convincingly.

"Right along the same line—there is a vast amount of money wasted in advertising that is too vague and general to produce results. If a man is advertising Carter's ink it does not help his client much to leave a general impression of ink in the public mind. He does not say merely, 'Use ink,' but 'Carter's ink is everlastingly black.' It is almost impossible to do successful advertising for a business or product that has no distinctive features

that can be stressed in a way to make it preferred to all others, and I am sure you will agree with me that there are many sermons preached every week, interesting enough and, what is more, true enough, but wasted because vague. The appeal is not tied up closely enough to a particular thing—the definite acceptance of Christianity. A man might listen to a great many sermons and get the idea that the Christian message was simply—'Be good.' Gerald Stanley Lee calls it 'teasing men to be good.' If you have no more definite message than that, you might as well save the money your space costs. 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved' is a message which covers all that is implied in the vague and general 'Be good,' but it brings a thousandfold more in inquiries and results.

"There is the other big side to this, of course, and that is knowing the man we are talking to. My problem is always, 'How will this strike Mr. Prospective Customer?' and not, 'How does it strike me, the advertising manager, or Mr. Jones, the president of the company?' just as yours is, 'How will this strike Brown the grocer and little Sallie Green?' and not, 'How will it strike the professor of systematic

theology at the seminary?' Yet a great many advertisements throw money to the winds because written for the president and a good many sermons are written for ministers. It is not too much to say that the best national advertising is the work of the 'outside writer,' the man with the distinct point of view of the possible customer. A few years ago an American house advertised in Chile using a picture of Santa Claus going down an ice-incrusted chimney. The weather in Chile at Christmas corresponds to summer in the United States and—worse still—the Chileans do not recognize Santa Claus. That was 'inside work' with a vengeance! And yet it was no worse than a church service, which Lyman Abbott says he once attended, where the minister was preaching to an audience of aged people and little children on how to choose a wife. The mission of both advertising and preaching is to develop states of mind, and the bull's-eye we are both aiming at is to develop that state of mind which will almost involuntarily respond 'That's right!' to what we have to say. The only sure way of hitting it is to know the kinks in the other man's mind by living with him. A successful department-store man

makes it a rule to spend some hours on the street in front of the windows of his store watching the crowds, to see what they find in the windows that is of interest to them. He wanders around the sales counters listening to the remarks of the customers about the goods. Then he goes back to work prepared to avoid the pitfalls of the personal point of view.

"I know another man who was advertising a washing machine and was unable to procure any response. One day he tried to put himself in the place of the typical buyer. As soon as he did this he concluded he would have to try a washing machine before he would buy. So came into being the well-known '30-days'-free-trial' appeal, which proved a big success. I have to do a great deal of that kind of 'pastoral work' if I am going to get results. Whenever I find that my inquiries are few, or that the cost of each inquiry is going up, it usually means that I have slowed up in my outside work and so am losing touch with the man I want to reach. I imagine it is much the same with you. The preacher who never rings door bells during the week rarely ever rings the bell when he shoots in the pulpit on Sunday.

"The biggest thing, though, that advertising has to say to-day is that 'sensational' advertising is, with very few exceptions, poor business. That is something which has cost us millions of dollars to learn, but we have learned it. Most preachers have always known it, but some are still laboring under the delusion that attention is a thing to be valued in itself. Attention in itself is worth just about nothing at all. It must be favorable attention. It is comparatively easy to attract attention, if one is satisfied with any sort of attention, but it accomplishes nothing if the advertiser is regarded with derision or suspicion, as he will be when he adopts freakish or sensational schemes. Deceptive headlines, tricks of all sorts, have no persuasive value when once the reader becomes aware of the deception. If you will read the back pages of your magazine carefully, you will notice that 'smart' writing in the advertising business is waning, and for a very solid reason: it doesn't pay. What you as a preacher must achieve, as well as I, is not to have a man say 'What a clever piece of work!' but to have him feel, 'That is something I want.' Much advertising has been too 'cute' and clever to succeed. It

may be of use temporarily for a cheap article, but even there it arouses suspicion. A few years ago a firm with a three-thousand-dollar automobile to sell adopted a catchy and breezy style of advertising with great financial loss. It might have been useful in connection with a five-cent cake of soap, but a man with three thousand dollars to put into an automobile is not going to be led to invest by sensational headlines. I have often thought of that in church when listening to some self-styled up-to-date preacher 'smartly' discussing some sensational topic. A man who really takes Christianity is getting an expensive thing. Its initial cost is great and its upkeep calls for a large outlay in work and sacrifice and money. It takes more than bizarre headlines and spectacular performances to hold him. He has to be won and held by what we call 'reason why' copy—straightforward and sincere. Probably the most spectacular advertising campaign ever waged in this country was that of a breakfast food a few years ago, its cost running into millions. It was striking in the extreme—humorous and grotesque. Its phrases were on the lips of everyone. But it was a financial failure. It got attention, but attention with-

out results is a poor prize. I know several ministers who think that by sensationalism they are keeping abreast of the times in the business world when, as a matter of fact, they are away behind the times. The trained advertiser, while always reaching out for a fresh and strong point of contact, has put mere sensation aside as a childish and expensive toy.

"An introduction is, as a rule, about as expensive and dangerous a luxury for a sermon as for an advertisement. Get your point of contact, of course, but don't loiter around doing any sight-seeing. When I come to New York every day I come to do business. I don't want to get into a big red sight-seeing car and view Grant's Tomb and the Palisades before going to the office. When I go to church I go for a purpose just as definite. I do not want to be taken on a sight-seeing tour of Palestine, as I frequently am by a long introduction which includes views of Mount Ebal and Mount Gerizim with a side light on the Moabites. It is all interesting enough, just as a tour of New York is a treat in itself, but it is just as far from the purpose. A keener sense of the value of a word will also cut down the number of 'display points,' to use a techni-

cal phrase, throughout the whole sermon and the use of 'stock illustrations.' Much advertising loses force from having too many points. Cutting down the number of different points in a sermon is like making a good marriage, it 'halves the troubles and doubles the joys.' The beginner in my line is strongly tempted to make use of a good many stock illustrations—cuts—which can be secured from the electrotyper and which will fit in most anywhere—but just because they do fit most anywhere and are second-hand they are usually waste space. Not any more, though, than the stock illustrations in the pulpit. I could tell you off hand fifty illustrations which I have been hearing for years from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and which I will hear for the rest of my life, I suppose. These stock illustrations ought to be retired with all the honors of war. It is much the same with words. The curse of most advertising and some preaching is stereotyped, dry expression; saying things in the same words, or about the same words, that thousands have used and which only embalm the remains of what was once a live fresh idea. A good part of the trouble is that many men who are physically active are mentally

lazy. Both advertising and preaching are full of this general monotonous language that is just words, words, words; no interesting facts, no fresh, life-like descriptions.

"There are a couple of other things we have learned at a big price. Most preachers have always known them, but I wish every one did. One is that the affirmative form of appeal is by far the biggest winner. There are effective ads which say 'Don't do this,' and 'Don't do that,' but as a rule it is the positive affirmative ad that convinces, just as the positive sermon does. And the strongest appeal is the one that in some way or other reaches the emotions. The most effective advertisement ever used in America was the 'Smiling Joe' advertisement of the Sea Side hospital at Coney Island. It built a quarter-million-dollar hospital. It grasped the heartstrings of thousands with an irresistible pull because it analyzed one hundred per cent sheer 'human interest.' Whenever you can touch the emotions in a strong and legitimate way you reach—"

"Chicago," called the porter.

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